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Hunting and Shooting Incidents

In The Life of

BILL PURDEE



PURDEE AT EIGHTEEN

By RAMBLER
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Price Twenty-five Cents

Hunting and Shooting Incidents

IN THE LIFE OF

BILL PURDEE

A CHOICE COLLECTION OF RARE BUT TRUE INCIDENTS, SELECTED
FROM THE RECORDS OF ONE WHO HAS HAD AN EXTENSIVE
AND VARIED EXPERIENCE; WITH VERY UNUSUAL
OPPORTUNITIES; AND WHO HAS SPENT
A LIFE-TIME IN THE BUSINESS
AND IS STILL AT IT.

BY

R A M B L E R

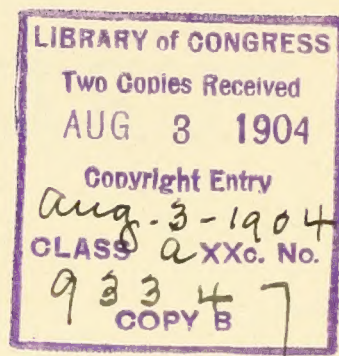
BOSTON, 1904

Melvin Q. Stimson

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Kittery, Maine

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Hunting and Shooting Incidents

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INTRODUCTORY

The occasion of Purdee's giving these notes to Rambler, and Rambler to the public, was by his being asked if there were any game birds that he had not killed, and what country he had not hunted in.

Purdee answers, by saying: "To name the countries where I have not hunted, would take time; but to name where I have hunted, would be a simple matter. In my native land I have hunted far and wide; and in South America, the South Pacific Isles, Central America, Mexico, and California; all kinds of the feathered tribe that inhabit those lands have fallen victims to my gun."

And from California to Alaska, the webfooted fowls that on the coasts do abound, have by him, in great numbers, been knocked down. This kind of shooting was for many years a great pastime with Purdee; with decoys of his own construction, and in a canvas boat of his own design, he would lay out in the open sea, where no other boat would dare to go.

The sea ducks that pitched to his decoys, soon decreased in numbers. It would be truly wonderful to relate his experience in this line of hunting, but I will give only one incident.

When Purdee took to bush shooting, and trained his first dog, he became an enthusiast in this particular line of hunting; but of all the game birds that Purdee has killed in far away lands, none are by him made mention of as are those that he has killed in his own native town. The reason why this is so is easily accounted for; the beautiful country drives in the loveliest time of the year, which are the most invigorating to both man and his dog. Rarely

INTRODUCTORY

ever being discouraged (and the true sportsman never should be) ; always hopeful when a cover has failed, that in the next there may be birds ; and so he goes to the end of the day. And if this proved to be a poor one, the next day may prove a good one ; and so on to the end of the season, has been Purdee's experience.

For many years the hunting companions whom he always had, on his hunts near home, were of the best ; gentlemen who were ardent sportsmen, true lovers of the dog and the gun, and who never tired of talking of, or listening to, how the dog pointed a certain bird ; or how it was killed by one companion or the other, or escaped, only to be hunted for some other day.

I have often listened to the recital of these different incidents, as related by Purdee, making note of the same ; and as I give them to the public, I trust that they will prove as interesting, as what they have been to me, when recited by Purdee.

Care has been exercised in the choice of these incidents to select such as could tell of something happening aside from the mere shooting of game.

“THE AUTHOR.”

HUNTING AND SHOOTING INCIDENTS

F I R S T

What Proved Effective; or, He Had Killed His Last Hen.

MANY years ago, one Murphy of Minstrel fame, bought in the state of New Jersey a beautifully marked pointer dog, for which he paid sixty dollars. He soon shipped him to a relative, who was a friend of Purdee's and lived in the same town. This relative of Murphy's was a great sea shooter, but knew nothing about handling a dog.

One day as Purdee was passing his place he was hailed and asked by him if he knew of any way that would prove effective in stopping a dog from killing hens.

"Yes," Purdee replied.

"What is it?"

"Kill the dog."

"Well, I guess you are right, but I hardly like to do it."

From this little incident, Purdee was not only taken to see the dog, but was told of some things that he had done since arriving in the town. After Purdee had looked the dog over for a bit, his friend Dick said: "Look over there," at the same time pointing to a neighbor's henyard; "that hole which you see was made by that dog, and before I could get him out of the yard he killed five hens, which I have to pay for."

“He is a cunning fellow, and one of my hens found it out this morning. He just chewed up some of the bread, when I fed him this morning, right where his chain is made fast. Then he went and laid down as far away as his chain would permit, and to have seen him one would have thought him to be asleep. This was not for long, for a hen was soon picking up the crumbs, and a dog was picking up a hen, and when he got through with her it was mostly feathers, with no meat attached to them, that one could have picked up if he so desired.”

“How does he act in the woods?” Purdee asks.

“Don’t know. Never have had him out. That is what I have been wanting to see you about. Can’t you take him out some day?”

“Yes, I will come around this afternoon, and we will give him a run just to see how he acts.”

This they did, and found that he was very much of a ranger, so much so that he was out of sight soon after entering the woods. Purdee discharged his gun, and shot a yellow hammer, to see if he would come in, which he did. He called to the dog, to find the dead bird, and found that these words were all Dutch to him, as he would not hunt. Purdee picks up the bird and offers it to the dog to take in his mouth, which he does, but it did not remain there long, for with one gulp it was out of sight and inside of him.

“What do you think of that?” Dick asks.

“Well, while he is not exactly a retriever, he might be called a carrier, as he will certainly take that bird home; but no one will ever know it, except those who saw it pass out of sight. From what I have seen of his actions I am convinced that the dog has never been trained, although he may be a well bred dog.”

The next morning while Purdee was out hunting, and standing on the edge of a pine grove, his attention was called to a woman who was shouting at the top of her voice, and running down

through a field, swinging a woman's weapon—a broom. This was almost opposite to where Purdee was standing.

Some little distance in the air, ahead of the woman, he saw a large powerful hen-hawk, and in its claws was a hen. The bird was headed pretty nearly to where Purdee was standing, and by remaining quiet he felt confident of getting a shot, although it might be a long one.

The shot he made. The woman got her hen, and Purdee got the hawk. He was not much hurt, the outer tip of his wing only being broken. He was so large that Purdee took him home, and on reaching there, put him down at his back door.

It had not been there long, before his old cat discovered Mr. Hawk, and walked right up to him—such impudence on the part of a cat. The hawk resented this, for quicker than a flash he had pussy in his claws, and no cat was ever before so twisted as this pussy cat was. Such a caterwauling one never heard before.

This act on the part of the hawk caused Purdee to think of the sixty dollar hen-killer; so in the afternoon he called to see his friend Dick, and on his telling him what the hawk had done to the cat, Dick said: "Fetch him over, and we will see how quick the dog can eat him."

Purdee at once returned home and got the hawk, and all the way back he was thinking that that bird would never be eaten by that dog. On arriving with the hawk, both were anxious to see the performance. Purdee soon had the hawk setting up facing the dog, who was being held by his master, to be let loose on Purdee giving the word. This was done as soon as he saw that the hawk had his eyes on the dog, who was just jumping and tearing to get at him.

The words, "Let him go, Dick!" were no sooner uttered, than the dog opened his mouth to grab him. The hawk nailed him

plump on the end of the nose, quicker than lightning. The dog jumped five feet in the air, thinking no doubt to pass over what had hit him, but Mr. Hawk made a flying leap too, hanging on to where he had struck the end of the dog's nose; and such a howl came from that dog as no mortal ever heard before.

They let the hawk remain for some time, the dog all the while trying to shake him off, but Mr. Hawk would not be shook. When removed by Purdee, he was again set up, but the dog cried, "Enough," and in the language of the ring, the "sponge went in the air," as he would not face the music.

"Dick, let me take him by the tail." Saying this, Purdee grabs the dog and drags him toward the hawk, and when he turns his head and sees the object that he is being drawn towards, he sets up the most unearthly yelping ever uttered by a dog. He was now bleeding fearfully from the wounds in his nose, made by the talons of the hawk, and from the day that he leaped five feet in the air with one attached to his nose, he never showed any disposition to trouble anything that wore feathers. He had killed his last hen.

S E C O N D

Purdee Goes Sea Shooting.

CHAPTER I.

THE GIANT OF BRAVE BOAT HARBOR.

OCTOBER 12th, 1866, Lew Sears calls to see Purdee, and urges him to go on a duck hunt, some twelve miles down the coast. Bill agrees to go, and at once commences to arrange for a three days' absence from his home.

At eight P. M. the same day, they find that they are lost in what is called "the back channel," where they were trying to get through to Brave Boat Harbor, which was some three miles from their home, or starting point. They had gotten into a pool of water, and it was so dark that they could not find an outlet; and as neither of them had ever been through the channel, they decided, after pulling the boat around for some time, that it would be best for one of them to go to a house, that was indicated by a bright light some distance away. Lew decided that he could fetch the house all right; but as it was fearful dark, Bill feared that he might get into some soft place, in the salt marsh, and that it would be better to remain where they were for the night rather than to run any risk.

It was only at the top of high water that even small boats could get through this very narrow and crooked passage; and if they were to get through that night, it would have to be very soon, as it was already nearly high tide. Lew starts for the light, and after a while Purdee is cheered by hearing these words: "Am all right; have struck solid ground."

It was now still, and had been for some time, when Bill hears a queer noise; and later he is enabled to distinguish these words: "Might noo-ed you couldn't; way-way-over-in-the-in-the-dark-dark-creek." These words were being constantly repeated, and all the time the sound was coming nearer, until like an apparition stands a giant—in stature—beside the boat, shouting these words: "What are you doing way over in the dark creek?"

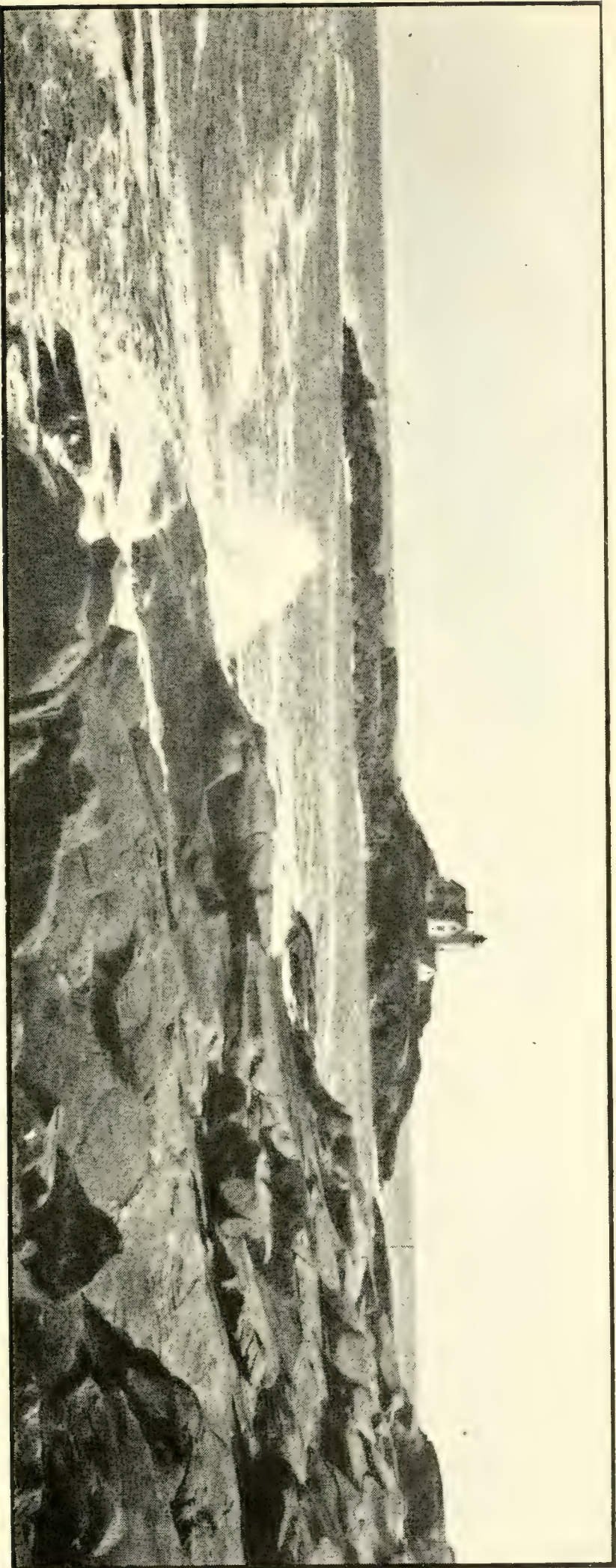
At this strange utterance by the giant a hearty laugh came from Lew, who was standing just back of demented Joe Billings, the giant of Brave Boat Harbor, who soon had them in the right channel, for which they thanked him and bade him good-night.

An hour later, and just as the moon came forth from beneath black clouds, which had hidden it but were now scudding away, their boat rises gently to the first comber as it rolls in over Brave Boat Harbor bar; and as it falls gently to meet the next, one might think that it was bidding the bright moon a welcome; if not, the occupants of the boat certainly did, as it passes out on to old ocean.

CHAPTER II.

LANDING ON A ROCK.

Their objective point was now some eight miles away, and as a gentle breeze was blowing from the south, they set sail and scudded away. While the boat glides on, Lew tells Purdee much about the place, where, in the morning, they will set their decoys. While he had often hunted at this place, he had never made the passage to it by water; all at once the boat rises on a sea, and shoots ahead at a fearful speed, and a few moments later they see right astern of their boat a huge comber rise, but it did not reach



THE NUMBLE.

Once a famous resort for sea fowls and gunners.

them. Now Purdee, who had sailed the seas over for many years, and knew just what that coamer indicated, said: "There is a sunken rock there, and hereafter a lookout we must keep." (The place was Stone's Rocks.)

On arriving off the Nubble, and near a fisherman's shanty, where they were to stop, they laid off and on for a while, all the time trying to find a suitable place to land. They finally decided to let their boat run in with a sea on to what they thought to be a flat rock. When the boat struck, Lew from the bow was in an instant on to the rocks; and to save the boat, Purdee goes over the stern to where—well, he did not know; but when in water up to his waist, he learned that it wasn't on dry land. Holding firmly to the boat, they waited for the incoming sea, which, when it did come, carried her high and dry up on to the rocks.

Although they were wet, they had great reason to feel thankful; and later, when a blazing fire had been started, coffee made, biscuits and other eatables washed down with the same, they thought light of their narrow escape. Their blankets being wet, there was no sleep for them; and between the time spent in the old fisherman's shanty, and burning huge pieces of drift wood, the night soon passed, and daylight finds them anchored with their decoys off the Nubble, making one of many boats in the line.

CHAPTER III.

SEA SICK.

A wonderful sight it is to watch these birds; far to the eastward they are sighted, hugging the shore as they come along; they sight the inner string of decoys and pitch down to where death

waits them, and never do they attempt to pass on, but fly to the next string of decoys; and pitch down again, and again are shot at; and so on, to the outer boat, which on this particular morning was number five.

On this morning it was blowing fresh, and a short southerly chop caused the boat to pitch and tumble in such a way that Purdee became fearfully sea sick; but when Lew would call out, "Here they come," Bill would bite it off, and get his gun, also his bird, then lay his gun down and resume operations again, which was vomiting. The sea sickness was caused by his having eaten some smoked halibut, and for years after he never again would eat a piece of it.

About noon the ducks raised to fly on, and the hunters returned to the shanty, where, in the language of Lew, they "just had a feast," and such coffee no one ever drank before, at least such was the comment of a certain naval officer, who was also shooting off the Nubble and had called to see them. This coffee Purdee had brought home a short time before from Central America, and no better ever grew.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MIDNIGHT YELL.

The second day proved to be a fine one, and most excellent shooting did they get, but early in the day Purdee blew the nipple out of the right barrel of his gun and got a bad wound in his cheek, but still he shoots; and Lew said that nothing short of blowing Bill's head off would prevent him from shooting when a duck hovered over the decoys.

It was such a delightful day that along about three o'clock in the afternoon Lew, who was quite a weather prophet, remarked

that it was too fine to last, and that they had better start for home, which they did; and a wise decision it proved to be, as a most terrific storm came on the next day.

There being no wind, the nearly twelve miles' pull proved a long one, and just as the midnight hour struck and they were about to pull into their landing, Lew suggested that as the trip had proved so successful they should fire a salute. His suggestion was at once put into action, and on Bill's firing the fourth and last shot, Lew uttered the most prolonged and unearthly yell that ever came from a human being; this he could do to perfection. It was soon as still as death, but not for long, for out on to the yard bridge marines and watchmen ran; up went windows in several houses on the river bank, and these questions asked: "Who are they?" "Where are they?" "How many are killed?" And as the boat touches the beach, Lew, in an undertone, remarks, "We will let you know in the morning."

T H I R D

Feathers Won, Hair Lost ;

or, A Close Shoot.

CHAPTER I.

AT this late day in Bill's life he loves to make mention of days when he hunted with the muzzle-loader. And he certainly was an expert in loading one. In his shooting-coat were pockets for powder flask, shot-pouch, wads and caps; and those who could load a gun with him were scarce and hard to find.

He had as a companion on one of these hunts with the old gun a most genial fellow, a great shot and a fine one to handle dogs in the field. And when one could have Captain John for a companion for a day's hunt, they certainly could consider themselves a little bit honored. He knew the ground for miles around and when to hunt. And this day he and Bill "struck it rich," so to speak, that is, for a short hunt.

It was late in the sixties that these two congenial spirits started on a hunt for woodcock. Although they were limited for time, they found what they started for. The first cover hunted proved a good one, six birds being bagged. And as this was a hurry-up hunt, no sooner were they in their team than they sped away for another cover some distance away.

They were scarcely in the cover, when "Bang"—and Shot (Cap's dog) retrieves a woodcock.

On coming out of the cover with four more birds, Captain John remarked, "Bill, you have got the making of a fine dog in that pup." And such proved to be the case.

Again they are rattling over the road, and have quite a ride

before they haul up and get out, which is done, and mighty quick. But this cover is a small one, and but two birds are found, which are brought out with them.

And now for the last! When they rein up, jump out, and hitch their horse, Captain John remarks: "Fine cover. Should be birds here. But we are limited for time." And soon it's "Bang, Bang," by both; and birds come down. They have circled the cover, with Bill down a little ravine and out of sight of his companion, who is quite near to him when a bird is in the air, but not for long.

Captain John steps ahead, and on seeing Bill, says: "What are you doing?"

"Don't you see? Loading my gun."

"What you loading for?"

"Usually do after discharging it."

"You didn't fire at that bird, did you?"

"How do you suppose the bird was killed if I didn't fire?"

"Why, I killed that bird."

"You would have had to fire your gun to do it."

"And that is just what I did."

"We'll have to see you load it before I believe it," Bill laughingly replied:

"And that is just what I will do." Saying this, Captain John loads up.

"Well, did you ever?" was all that Bill could say.

"How many birds have you?"

"Eight in my pocket, and this one that Shot has just brought in makes nine. How many have you, Bill?"

"Eight."

"Well, I have had many a hunt, but never before had one come out like this one."

Bill, like his dog, was young, and a little new to this kind of hunting; and on their way back to their team Captain John remarked, "What I said about the pup on coming out of the first cover, I can now say about you. Only it will be the dog's master that will be mighty good at this business, if he keeps on."

On getting back to their team, they were soon headed for home, and the hour's drive that it would take would fetch them in on time; so they were feeling very joyful over the result of the day's hunt on arriving back.

CHAPTER II.

Both Bill and Captain John, on arriving back into town, found that they had plenty of time to get ready to go to their duties, which they did. And on receiving, the following morning, a local paper, they were somewhat astonished to see an item that read like this: "Captain John S— of this city, and Mr. P— of the adjoining town, did in the short space of two hours bag seventeen woodcock. Sportsmen, beat this if you can."

Bill's answer, when asked about it, was: "The number of birds is all right, but there was a little more than sixty minutes in them hours."

Now, I merely make mention of this to show what came from it. About 10 o'clock, or some little time after the paper was received, "Old Webfoot" (so called), a noted mariner who had sailed the world around, and who was the pilot at the naval station, on running up against Bill, shouted: "Just the man I've been looking for."

"What's the trouble, Webby?"

"Just made a bet about you and John."

"What was it?" Bill asked.

“Why, I have made a bet of a quart of the best that can be had in the city, that what you fellows shot yesterday were woodchucks. Am I right?”

“You go right back to the office and tell them fellows that you win the liquid.”

“I know’d d—n well that I had.”

Saying this, he starts on the run back, his haste being such that his coat-tails stuck out so that one could have played checkers on them.

He was that excited on entering the office, that all that he could say was: “I have won the bet.”

“How do you know?” Mr. R— asked.

“Have just seen Bill.”

“What did he say?”

“After I told him how the bet was made, he said that I had won the liquid.”

Now, Mr. R— had hunted with Bill, and he was bound to have the whole facts, as it had been left to him to decide. So he again asked “Webby”: “Tell me just what Bill said.”

“After I told him how I had made the bet, he said: ‘Go back and tell them fellows that you win the liquid.’ ”

“Well, that ain’t sayin’ they were woodchucks.”

At this Mr. A—spoke up, saying: “You don’t know any more about a woodchuck than you do about woodcock. Why, man, they would have had to have a pair of horses to haul seventeen of such kind of animals. I don’t believe you can come within forty pounds of what one weighs.” The roar that came at Mr. A—’s saying this was heard all over the building; and then he said: “It’s a small woodchuck that don’t weigh sixty pounds.” This was said in such a way that “Webby” was convinced that he was

all at sea on the weight of woodchucks, and at once said: "I will pay for the stuff, and let's get it d—n quick."

"Won't I give it to Purdee this afternoon!"

At this Mr. R— gave an awful shout, and on "Webby's" going out of the office, turned to Mr. A—, saying: "Wa'n't you a little high on the weight of woodchucks?"

"Not to convince 'Webby' that he had lost."

Note.—These fellows were a jolly crowd. Would like to give names, but will say that Mr. R— is now a retired admiral.

F O U R T H

He Got More Than He Went For.

IT was many years ago, while Purdee was living on "Barberry Shore," of song fame, that he was asked by his wife to pick some of those berries he had promised. So one day she remarked: "Promises will not get those berries; it will take a little work."

That was enough. "You shall have them before night," and Purdee at once got ready to leave the house. Basket and strap he had gotten, which was all right, but when he put on his old shooting jacket it was most too much for his wife, who smilingly remarked: "Can't you pick berries without that jacket?"

"I was thinking of taking the old gun along. It was frosty last night and I might find a snipe," was Purdee's answer. "I shall go up the river, cross over, and go to a place where I saw lots of berries a few days ago; and to get there I shall have to go through a meadow and perhaps may start a snipe."

On saying this he leaves the house for his boat, gun on his shoulder, basket strung to his side, and dog at his heels. His wife calls: "What have you got the basket for? Are you thinking of getting a bushel of snipe?"

"Never mind; you'll find out when I get back."

Saying this he started down towards the beach and was soon in his boat, pulling up the river with a fair tide in his favor. He soon landed on the opposite shore, some miles from his home and nearly the same distance from where the barberries grew; but he had to pass through the meadow before reaching them, and on arriving in sight of it, spoke to his dog Tommy, who was always

at his heels when not hunting, saying: "Hie on, old boy, and find a snipe."

Little did Bill think what a grand sight he was soon to see, as off Tommy starts at a galloping gait, with his head so high that his every move as he quarters the meadow is always in plain view. But Ho! what's that? Has he struck the stone wall? He stopped so quick one would have thought that he had. He moves—he stops—he is there for good.

"Go home and get your gun, and you need not hurry," as Bill did not. He leisurely walked into the meadow and close up to his dog, and when Bill clucked, his dog moved, and so did five snipe.

"Bang! Bang!" and a snipe came down, and Bill marks the other four.

The jumping of the five snipe was so unexpected that Bill said he was just a little flustrated, or a bit knocked out, but in a short time he had knocked out the other four snipe.

Now the barberries he must get, and mighty quick if more hunting he was to do; but before getting to where the barberries grew, he flushed three more snipe and bagged two of them. He was now near a beautiful spring, which he approached, and had a drink of water; he laid the snipe down, covering them with cool stones; and as the barberries grew all in plain view of the spring, he was on the point of leaving his gun with the birds, when for some reason unknown, he decided to take it to the old wall where the berries grew. Wise decision it proved, for as he was getting over this stone wall, up jumped a big woodcock; and the gun's not being at the spring, is why the woodcock came home with the snipe.

Now, no doubt, most of my readers have done the very things that Bill has done, and done them much nicer, but I am going to

say right here that I don't believe one of you ever picked a basketful of barberries as quickly as Bill picked that one. Some one might ask how large it was. Well, it didn't hold a bushel, and Bill was awful glad that it didn't. When it was filled, he returned to the spring, had another drink, laid the woodcock (and wasn't he a bouncer? as large as any that he ever shot,) with the snipe, and as he had some time yet, asked his dog if they should cross over and hunt the old bog meadow, as they had often done before. Tommy answered, "Yes," in a way that Bill understood. They were soon in the road, and not having far to go, many were the words of praise spoken to the truest friend that man has ever had.

And on his master uttering the words that he so well understood, "Hie on!" Tommy bounds away to the meadow which is in plain view. His actions soon indicated that birds there had been. He hauled on a point, standing stiff, and so firm his master from a distance stands still to admire, (and what lover of a dog would not) when the sound of the "cluck" he hears, the meaning of which he has been taught, it's no wild rush that he makes, but a slow creep, until off the ground a snipe does get, which by Bill is knocked down. When the meadow had been hunted, to the spring he returned with six more snipe, making thirteen in all. With the birds in his pockets and the big basket slung at his side, he at once homeward proceeds.

On passing through the alders, bordering the first meadow hunted, he flushed several snipe and three times tried to knock one down; but the bushes and basket prevented him from getting on to the bird. On Bill's coming out into an opening where there was a wet spot, he sees his dog standing on a point. This was not on scent, but on sight, and as he looks in the same direction, he sees some distance ahead two grass-birds which he kills, one sitting, the other as it jumps into the air.

Now I presume some of the readers of these notes will say that wasn't sportsmanlike, and he might still say, neither was picking barberries. But I will say that I don't believe that one of you, would take your chances on a pair of birds, with a big basket of berries slung at your side, but would kill both where they sat.

Many years ago, when Bill was young at the business, an old hunter once told him, "To learn to shoot snipe on the wing, you must shoot at them when flying, and not while sitting." This instruction, if such it could be considered, was by Bill strictly followed.

As Purdee was to go on duty that night, he thought he had no time to spare, but did decide to look into a pond on a hill not much out of his way; and on sneaking close to its edge, just around a point, and near enough to shoot, saw a pair of teal ducks, one in the water, and the other on the bank. The latter he killed where it sat—the other while in the air.

With these birds in his pockets, it was now get to his boat and home without further delay, if to duty he should go that night. As he had come up the river with the tide in his favor, he was now returning and the tide running with him. He soon was at home, and on entering his house, presented the basket of berries to his wife, and as he did so, said, "Those berries are what I went for," and as he placed the birds, which consisted of thirteen snipe, two teal, two grass birds, and one woodcock, beside the basket, remarked, "Those are what I got."

F I F T H

The Rabbit Hunter of the Back Woods; or, Most Too Much Honor for One Day.

WHEN the first snow of the season came this hunter, who was a dwarfish-sized man, took to the woods; also to the first track which he found; and when he let up a rabbit had given up, for he was never known to fail when once fairly started on one's trail.

It was amusing to meet and talk with this most eccentric person, but Purdee had often had this pleasure, and his having it on this occasion was from Captain E.'s desire to hunt more rabbits; as expressed while returning with Purdee from a rabbit-hunt which he had gotten up.

The party consisted of five persons, all entitled to be addressed as Captain, Purdee included. Most of these persons were of national reputation, but that never counted when on one of these hunts, any more than it helped to kill rabbits. But they were all gentlemen, who left their rank behind, and were jolly good fellows and showed much respect for the one who killed his rabbit when on the jump; and on this particular day a number had been stopped when in the air, and by noon eleven large white rabbits had been bagged. But the best dog had caught and eaten the last one shot at, which was only wounded; this was goodbye for any more hunting that day, but this dog went and laid down and there remained, with the other one standing by.

On the way home Captain E. remarked "Now that I have had a taste of this sport, I want some more. Where can we go tomorrow, Purdee?"

“Down to the back woods,” said Bill. And to the back woods they went, and soon after entering it, their dogs went out of it and remained out most of the day.

And now comes John Bracy, the rabbit hunter, to their aid, and when introduced as such to Captain E—— he smiled, and in his little peculiar way said, “Quite an honor,” and asked, “How many rabbits have you shot?”

“None,” Purdee replies, “and I fear we will not shoot any today, as the dogs have left us.”

“Well, if the dogs have left you, suppose I take their place.” At this Captain E—— smiled and asked, “Can you bark?”

“Yes, up a tree,” Bracy replies, and at the same time tells Purdee to go down the path to a certain tree and remain quiet. “And you, big fellow,”—this to Captain E——, “go up to that big rock, and if you keep awful quiet you may soon be able to catch a rabbit.” Saying this Bracy starts circling a thick growth of small pines; he keeps this up until not only one, but three rabbits jump into the wood road near where stood Captain E—— and down the road towards where Purdee stood they came; one was stopped by Captain E—— and one by Purdee. Soon after Bracy broke cover and asked, “What luck?” and on being told he showed signs of joy at what he had done for them.

Much talk was made over the shooting of these two rabbits and Bracy was asked by Captain E—— to explain how it was that he drove the rabbits out of the pines. So Bracy said, “I started the rabbits near the centre of the pines, and as they went around I kept a little on the inside and it wasn’t many turns around before they had to get into the wood road where you were standing.”

“Well, that was a great scheme, and now let’s have something,” saying this Captain E—— takes from his pocket a flask in which

was some extra good whiskey, at the same time asks for Purdee's drinking cup and presents them to Bracy, saying:

“Now take a good nip; it will do you lots of good, after so much hard tramping through those thick pines.” Bracy takes both flask and cup, at the same time saying, “The drinking with two Captains in one day is most too much honor for the likes of me; but however, here's good health to both of you.”

S I X T H

A Quick Shot that Made a Fast Friend.

OF all the pleasant incidents in Purdee's life, none seem greater to him, at least, one can but think so, when in his presence, and he is reminded of the one which I am about to relate.

When Purdee was young, and a very active fellow, he was hunting snipe one day, very late in the Spring. He had tramped on this particular day through many fields and meadows; he had had fine luck; and as the better part of the day had passed, he was heading towards home, when he was hailed by a farmer, and motioned to come to where he was standing.

On Purdee's reaching the bars where the farmer stood, he bids him good day; the farmer at once starts in to tell him how he wished that he had been there that morning. As Purdee saw that it meant quite a story, he uncocked his gun and stood it against the bars, leans over, and listens to what Dennis had to say.

Now this man wasn't an Irishman, for the other part of his name was Manson. Well, Mr. Manson went on to say that soon after he let his chickens out that morning, along came a big hawk, which swooped down, and away went one of his chickens.

Now these chickens he had gotten out very early; and they would soon be fit for broilers, all of which he tells. "And about ten o'clock the blamed fellow comes back, and by cracky, if he don't get another; but I have them shut up now. As he has already gotten a taste of them, I fear that he will get the whole flock."

"Why don't you shoot him?" Purdee said.

“Shoot him! bless your soul, I would have to get some one to catch him first; why, I could never shoot anything on the wing.”

“Chickens are out, father!” This was said by young Dennis. “Blamed if they ain’t, and it would be just the luck to have that tarnel hawk come along and get another.

“We will have to get them in my boy.”

Father and son were just on the point of starting across the field to where the chickens were, when Purdee sees a shadow pass on the ground; he knew what it meant; and quick as a flash he catches his gun, and before it is at his shoulder, it is cocked; he swings completely around and kills the hawk, which was headed for the chickens, some distance away.

At this Dennis slaps his leg with his hand and shouts, “Was the like of that ever done before? I warrant you it never was.”

“Oh, my boy! if you could only get to do the like of that, you would be a perfect wonder.” This was said on young Dennis returning with the hawk, which had fallen some fifty yards away.

Purdee has often said, that all the praise that he had ever gotten was small in comparison to what farmer Manson showered upon him for shooting the “tarnel critter” that was killing his chickens; and if one was ever welcome to hunt on another’s land, it was Purdee on the land of farmer Manson, who has now passed the four score mark, but still delights, whenever he meets with Purdee, to make mention of this incident.

S E V E N T H

His Last Hunt with a Muzzle Loader.

AS Bill Purdee told me the incident, I was more than interested, for, in a measure, I was carried back to days when I myself delighted in field sports.

It was away back in the early seventies, and in the "Old Pine Tree State,"—the season of the year was early October, when he started out for a days hunt, with his old gun and a brace of fine setters. He was soon in cover, as he only had to cross a creek in his boat to reach it.

The first bird flushed was an old cock partridge that did not lay to the dogs, but as Bill said, "Soon lay on his back," and was retrieved by Tom, the oldest dog.

The fun had commenced, and such sport Bill said he never had in one day. The dogs behaved so well that he often called them in and told them so, and Bill declared that they knew just what he said.

The seventh bird killed was a woodcock, and this on a brook, which he then followed down, bagging five more.

It was now noon, and after eating a lunch he commenced to work towards home, killing a few more birds and finally loaded up for the last time, as the two charges took all the shot in the pouch; it was getting late in the afternoon, but there was one more cover to look into.

This last cover was at the cross roads, where a brook ran under the road, and on the bank of the brook were a few old apple trees, under which the dogs were working close, when all at once Bill heard a great "yelping," which came from the youngest dog.

A large Newfoundland dog had come down from a farm

house near by, and was giving him a fearful shaking. Bill was close to an old stone wall running down the hill towards the brook, and being anxious to part the dogs, was not careful when getting over the wall, so a large part of it fell down. Up went a brace of woodcock, but they didn't stay up long, for Bill downed them, but he lost his footing and fell—just as he shot them—into the brook, where the dogs were fighting.

The fighting ceased mighty quick when he rolled into it, and if a dog ever put his tail out of sight between his legs that Newfoundland did as he scooted towards home.

This was the neatest shot that Bill ever made; at no time was he standing still after the wall commenced to fall, killing the second bird just before plunging into the brook.

This ended what has always been, by him considered, the finest day's hunt that he ever had.

With a bag of eleven partridges, nine woodcock, an empty shot pouch and a wet skin, he started for home, and on arriving there found that while he was away, a friend had left a breech loader for him to try, which he did, and that is why this hunt, which ended with the most remarkable shot that he ever made, proved to be "his last shot with a muzzle loader."

Outwitting the Geese.

ON the 8th of November, 1875, I was invited with a friend to the home of Bill Purdee. We were shown what I have always claimed was the finest bunch of game that I, or in fact, anyone else, ever saw. It consisted of nine woodcock, seven partridges, five wild geese and one snipe. Now Bill did not get these birds all in one day's hunt, but it was the result of several.

Next to seeing this fine lot of game, was listening to Bill tell how he "outwitted the geese."

As he told it, and as I remember, it was this: Bill had crossed the back river in his boat, as he said, and pointing to his dog, who lay at his feet, he went on with his story:

If that wasn't the best broken setter dog that man ever shot over, not one of those geese would be lying there; for, after bagging most of those partridges and woodcock on that day, I had returned to my boat or near to where it lay, when I saw six geese some distance down the river feeding on a ledge. I at once motioned to my dog to 'down' and did the same myself; the geese had seen me, but were not greatly frightened, for I made no move, and they soon commenced to feed again, but at no time were all heads down; for some one of them had his eyes on the spot where I lay.

"A half hour had passed, and the geese had moved away from the ledge, and would soon be out of sight behind a point of rocks, and this would be my time. When the last goose had passed from my view, I jumped up, told Tom to remain, and started on the run up the cove some several hundred yards, where I crossed, and ran out on to the point opposite to where I had started from; looked across the cove and saw that dog lying just as I left him."

When saying this he was pointing to his dog, who was still lying at his feet. "And he knows just what I am talking about."

"I now had to do some sneaking, which I did, and crawled very close to them; but I did not see them, as they were so close to the shore that I was deceived, and thinking that they must have swam back to the ledge I commenced to crawl in that direction. But I had not moved far when I heard that well known honk and the birds were in the air; and the only charge of big shot that I had was tunked into the nearest goose; he fell some twenty feet, then recovered and sailed away to the other side of the river, where he alighted and was soon joined by the others."

"Just at that moment I had a spell of hating myself. I had crept to within twenty feet of them, and when they jumped out of the water I was with my back to them, and all in plain sight of them; this I did when crawling towards the ledge where I had first sighted them.

"I now went back to my dog, and after patting him and saying what any man who has ever broken a dog would say, I started down the bank to my boat, crossed over, landed, and worked up towards where I had seen the geese. I had told the dog to remain in the boat, and on returning with the goose, I found that he had done so.

"As long as the goose which I had shot held his head up, the others stayed with him, but when he laid over they left him and flew farther up the river and to the other side again, alighted, swam in shore and walked up on to a mowed marsh.

"I had watched all their moves, and after they had become quieted, I crossed back to where I first saw them, landed, and told him to remain in the boat," pointing to his dog, "and started up to the main road, which I would have to enter in order to get around a cove. After passing around this, I would then be able to work back to the river, and to where the geese were last seen.

“I had them well located, and knew just what I was to do when I got to an old stone wall that ran from the road to the river, and behind this I crawled. It was not long before I could see the geese, and then it was ‘head down’ and keep it so for a long crawl, and on reaching the end of the wall, which was at the marsh, and around which I looked, I saw the geese some hundred yards up the cove. I laid still for a while and kind o’ rested, all the while thinking what my next move should be; I had crawled to the end of the wall, but not to the end of the game.

“Connected to the wall was an old two-rail fence that ran out over the marsh to the flats, and on this was hanging a lot of eel-grass. As there seemed no possible way of getting near the geese (which would have to be pretty close, for number six shot was the largest that I had, and only two charges of that size, the rest being number eight), I conceived the idea of crawling out on the marsh to the water, then to turn and creep towards them.

“I had reasoned in my mind that if they did not make me out before I got to the water, they would think me to be something that had come out of the water, and their curiosity would get the best of them.

“To do this, and to do it right, was a fearful hard job. I dare not raise my head, and the only movement which I made was forward, and only what the motion of my shoulders would move me, and at no time raising my body from the mown marsh.

“After commencing to creep towards the geese, I never saw them until I was within forty yards of them, then I began to wonder if it wasn’t possible to catch them. They had all the time been watching persons working in a field on the opposite side of the river, and were looking over me all the while. It was not possible to approach them unseen, for hundreds of yards in any direction, and there I was coming at them right out of the water, and at a snail’s pace, and no wonder they waited to see what it would turn

cut to be. (O! why did you wait, silly goose?) I had gotten near enough for number six, but nearer I must get for number eight, and nearer I got.

“When I decided to shoot, I placed extra shells out in front of me, drew my knees up under me and raised my head; at the same time my gun came to my shoulder, and two geese laid their heads on their backs without a quiver. The others were in the air, but not for long, for down came one and out came the empty shells, in went loaded ones and down came another goose, and away went a sick one down to the lower end of the river, where a boy picked him up that night.

“After I got the birds together, I sat down, and I needed to, for I had undergone great exertion, and was in a very bad condition, wet, and covered with salt mud.

“But after a short rest, I started with the geese for my boat, and on getting there told Tom all about it, and what a good dog he had been, to reamin all this time in the boat, didn’t I, Tom?” Saying this he patted him on the head.

“I had quite a load to carry home after leaving the boat, and with my game pockets bulging out with partridges and woodcock, the geese tied together and slung over my shoulders, I was quite a sight to look at, and as one person whom I met in the road remarked, ‘If it was a little later in the season, I should take you for Santa Claus.’

“Now, gentlemen, you can decide whether the geese were outwitted or not.”

At this remark we both complimented Bill on the wonderful knowledge which he had shown; and his great persistency in carrying it out, and at bidding him good-bye, we both felt that we had had a rare treat; in fact, it had been, as the fellow said, “The real stuff.”

N I N T H

A Hunt and a Find Without His Gun.

ONE day many years ago, Purdee received a message from Captain E. ——— requesting him to come to his office, as he had something which he wished him to attend to.

On Bill's entering the office, the Captain smilingly remarked, "Just why I have sent for you, Purdee, I am unable to say. Sit down and I will tell you what has happened. Yesterday, while the young ladies were out boating, Miss M—— unfortunately lost a bracelet which had been in the family for, lo! these many years, and considered an heirloom. After much talk at the house last night by all, relative to this loss, I was requested many times to give an opinion whether anything could be done in the way of finding it, but as I knew not where the boat was when the bracelet was lost, could not say a word. In the midst of a silence, Grandma W——— says, 'Send for Purdee.' The rest of the ladies joined in, and it was just a shout, 'Send for Purdee!' For the life of me I don't know why I did, but as you are here, is there any suggestion you can offer?"

"Yes, I will later, but Captain, you must have had some idea of what to do when you sent for me."

"Well, I did. I thought that you might get a lot of boys from the village, and at low tide this evening, fetch them in and take them down on the flats and hunt them over, and there is ten dollars which you can divide up among the boys. Now what do you think of this idea?"

"Don't like it. Why; get a lot of those boy hoodlums, and they would be watching the actions of each other, and it is two to

one, if it is on the flats, that it would be trodden on by some of them and then it would be good-by bracelet. I will come in about noon, when the tide will be the same as yesterday, take the young ladies down the river in the boat, and perhaps we can locate where they were when the bracelet was lost. At least we may be able to find out whether the boat was out in the channel. If it was, that ends it. When I return I will come back here and report results."

Saying this, Bill leaves the office, and on his return goes to the house and tells the ladies what he has decided to do.

They are soon ready and in a short time are rowed down the river near where they supposed they were the day before.

They pulled around for some time, Bill all the while asking. "Was it down farther, or out farther, or nearer the shore?"

This was kept up for some time, with no two agreeing, each one of the ladies having different opinions as to the location of the boat when the bracelet was lost. At last he decided to return, and on arriving back went to the office (while the ladies returned to the house.) The Captain asked, "Learned anything definite?"

"Yes," Bill replied.

"What was it?"

"That a bracelet was lost. They all three agreed on this point, but no two on the position of the boat. While one would have her out in the channel, another would have her near the shore, but my opinion is that the boat was in over the flats when it was lost, and this evening at low tide I will come in and have a look for it."

On saying this he starts to leave the office, when he turns and says, "Tell Grandma W——— that Bill will find the bracelet."

At six P. M. he is at the house, puts on the Captain's wading boots, and with Tommy, his dog, starts, or is about to start for

the fifty acre flats, when the Captain asks, "What part is Tommy going to act?"

"Find the bracelet."

At this reply all were pleased, and Bill heads for the flats with the hearty good wishes of all.

Now it may by many be thought strange that Bill should take his dog along on a hunt of this kind. He knew his dog for he had raised him. He also knew that anything that glistened in the sunlight, even be it far away, would attract his attention, and as this day was a bright one, the sun casting its rays on the flats at an angle that would cause anything bright to sparkle, he hoped if the bracelet was there that his dog might be attracted by its reflections. In starting in to hunt the flats he was bound to scan it well, and as he quarters back and forth, keeping his dog all the time at a certain distance, he would, if he had had his gun with him, have been taken for one ahunting, although it was the month of June.

He wasn't exactly discouraged, but he was getting over lots of ground and the sun was getting low, and the dog was no doubt wondering what this all meant, for nothing of this kind did he ever do before. All at once Bill sees his dog looking at something some forty yards away. Bill looks. He moves towards where the dog seems to be looking, and what is that he sees some sixty yards away? He moves and so does his dog. The glistening object he still sees, although so far away. "It's nothing but a broken glass bottle," he thinks, but still nearer he went and brighter did the object grow, until now he felt quite confident that no bottle had he seen. And nearer still he went, until, in perfect wonder, he sees the bracelet, half covered with eelgrass, and in the rays of the now setting sun shining as no piece of gold ever shone before; that is, he thought so. On picking it up he looked back to where he was when he first noticed his dog, and as he at the time was heading,

he would have passed it by. So calling Tommy, he showed him the bracelet, told him of the wealth he had found, and in many ways petted and praised him.

Now Bill was feeling just a little elated, and who would not? As he left the flats it was growing dark and as the walk to the house was some distance, he had many things to think of. He knew that all at the house would be highly pleased on their learning of the result of his hunt for the bracelet. It was quite dark as Bill reached the house, and going to the rear he took off the muddy boots and put on his shoes. The cook on hearing him, hailed, saying, "I see you got back, Mr. Purdee; and what luck did you have?"

She had spoken so loud that they heard her in the dining room and a grand scamper was made by all for the kitchen. Bill, hearing this move, stepped inside where the cook was ironing, but to this day cannot tell what prompted him. He had just time to pick up a muffin ring, that the cook was using to put her iron on, when all rushed into the kitchen shouting, "Did you find it?" Bill replied, "Yes, but it don't seem to be worth enough to make such a fuss about." And as he said this the Captain stepped forward, and Bill placed the muffin ring in his hand. The Captain, with great astonishment, said, "And why—why—this isn't the bracelet!"

"Well, then, that is," said Bill, as he from his other pocket produced what was called an heirloom in the family.

At this, such a shout went up as never before was heard in the old mansion. "Now tell us all about it—everything. We must know."

As Bill finished telling he said, "Now, you must see the one who found it." He steps to the back door, utters a whistle, and soon Tommy stands looking in the door. All go and pat him on

the head, and ask where he has been all this time, he being all covered with mud.

“I told him to charge down when I came through the garden gate, and he always does about what I tell him to do.”

The Captain now passed Bill a ten dollar note.

“To accept that, sir, would mar the great pleasure which success in finding the bracelet has given me.”

He now bids all good night, and starts, with many kind words showered upon him, for his home.

T E N T H
Camping Out.

CHAPTER I.

PURDEE AS A FISHERMAN.

IT was while Purdee was camping out in the state of New Hampshire, that he tried his hand at fishing. The tent had been set up in a beautiful hard wood grove, on the banks of a lovely lake, and near by was one of nature's greatest gifts to man—a boiling spring.

Mr. L—— and Purdee go fishing. They have fine luck. Black bass, pickerel and perch are the kind of fish they catch.

The black bass gave royal sport, and each had listened to the click of the other's reel after the bass had struck, and often did they witness that beautiful sight which all anglers love to see, his fish (or what he expects soon will be) “break water,” and leap high into the air.

It had gotten quite dark and they were nearing their camp, when they heard a splash quite near the boat, and Mr. L—— says, “Make a cast with your line, Purdee, and I will move the boat slow.” This Purdee did several times, until he got a strike, and then a spin on his line. After a while he thinks he has the fish under control, and his companion is all ready to use the net, when the fish decided to go, and he went. This same thing was done several times, when Purdee remarks, “What in the name of heavens have I hooked?”

“Don't know,” Mr. L—— replies.

Again this unknown fish was reeled up to the side of the boat, the landing net was in the water, but he escapes.

“But it's now I have got him sure,” Purdee shouted, “for he is this time coming slow,” and Mr. L—— with a dexterous move

succeeds in getting the net under the fish, and the fish is soon in the boat when Mr. L—— shouts, “You’ve got him, he’s caught at last.”

It being dark, Purdee in the stern of the boat asks, “Got what?”

“Why the much talked-of sea serpent that’s reported as having been seen off the coast. But for the life of me I cannot understand how he got so far inland.”

At this Purdee moves forward and makes out what Mr. L—— had already discovered, the biggest eel that he ever saw.

CHAPTER II.

SHOOTING UPLAND PLOVER.

On returning to camp, both had much to say about the day’s catch, and as they sat by their camp fire, and Purdee listened to tales of Wonderland far beyond the seas as told by Mr. L——, and then by Mr. T——, he thinks of how much there is yet for him to see.

Before going to sleep, they had decided that the next day should be spent hunting plover, and at early dawn all was life in the camp. Breakfast over, all three start for the hills where Purdee said plover could be found if they were in that part of the country.

On reaching the top of the hill they enter an open pasture of great extent. Purdee in the centre with a partner on each side some eighty yards away. Now Purdee was an old hand at this business and both those with him knew it well, for they had often with him hunted this bird—the wildest of his tribe, for this is what the upland plover is by all considered.

Purdee had made mention to his companions before entering the pasture what they would do when birds were seen. Now it is a well known fact that if this bird does not get on the wing at the first sight of a man, one can gain a few yards by making a quick run the moment birds are sighted. Purdee rising a little knoll, sights birds on the grounds, makes a run, gains a few yards, and the birds go in the air. He now makes the shots of his life. "Bang!" "Bang!" and two birds come down. Opening his gun he takes out the shells and puts others in. "Bang!" and down comes another bird.

When this feat had been performed his companions came to him and were loud in their praise, Mr. T—— saying, "Teach me to do that trick and five hundred dollars I'll give you."

"How far was that last bird killed?" Mr. L—— asks.

"Don't know, and we never will. He was so high in the air when shot that he must have forged ahead many yards before striking the ground."

They continued hunting these birds, and before noon had bagged a fine bunch of them, which are by many considered the best of all. On returning to camp they have dinner, then go fishing, and that night as they sat watching the flicker of their camp fire, they tell of the click of the reel as one or the other had got a strike.

And now it is the plover which they that day had shot, that are being killed over again, when Purdee is asked what is the greatest distance at which he could kill one of these birds.

"That is something I cannot say; but the greatest distance at which I ever killed one was on the commons where we hunted just before coming up here. It is mostly guess work when one states distance on having killed a bird on the wing, but the one that I will mention jumped from the ground near the old board fence,

which you will remember divided the field from the pasture. I was coming down the field and was near the big oak when this plover jumped. I caught my gun on to him just before he reached the fence and down he came in an instant. I knew it was a long shot, so I placed my old hat where I stood and in much haste ran for the old fence, all the time thinking it possible the bird might again get up, and so he did. But not until I got over the fence and picked him up. On getting back over the fence I paced back to where the old hat lay and the last step which touched it made sixty-seven paces from the fence, not from where the bird laid. The bird was not four feet from the ground when killed. This with No. 8 and 5 pellets did the business. Lew Sears, the old hunter, whom you all know, saw the whole performance."

CHAPTER III.

EXPECTING THE LADIES OUT TO CAMP.

"Say fellows, I forgot to tell you I got word yesterday that the ladies are coming out from the hotel to see how people live when camping out."

This was said by Mr. T——.

"What time will they get here?" Mr. L—— asks.

"The note merely says, 'You can expect us at your camp about noon.'"

"It's getting late, boys; let's turn in and think what can be done to please the ladies." This Purdee says. And as sleep is a duty with him, they hear no more from him until Mr. L—— hears these words: "Pass me my gun quick and put a shell in it." As these words are uttered by Purdee, he stands immovable in the tent door, with his eye centered on some object in a tree near by.

The gun is in his hand, no move has he yet made, but when he does Mr. T—— is awakened by the report of a gun, and a big gray squirrel comes tumbling down.

“You boys start a fire, and I will try and find another.” Saying this Purdee leaves the camp.

Soon afterwards the report of a gun is heard, and then it's still again. But not for long; this time it's a double shot.

Those in camp hear the shots, and some little time afterwards Purdee returns to camp, and they say to him, “Three shots out of Bill Purdee's gun means three dead squirrels.”

“Not today, gentlemen.”

“How is that?” is asked.

“Well, the first shot was meat for sure,” saying this he throws down a squirrel, “but a little farther along, as I was on the point of pulling and could not stop, this one sprang from where he sat; the shot missed him, but he never reached alive the object sought, for the second barrel caught him on the fly.” Saying this he lays down another.

THE DINNER.

Breakfast over they now prepare for dinner. Purdee shows his companions how quick a squirrel can be skinned. This little job being done they are laid in cold water in which a little salt is put.

It is now the fish that are to be prepared, and as Mr. L—— has claimed special knowledge in this particular line, they are turned over to him.

Mr. T—— is as anxious as any to lend a hand and is given the plover to pluck. These Purdee takes and soon has ready for the broiler.

Plenty of oak chips from timber cut the past winter are gathered by all and three nice fires are burning bright, and over each

something was being cooked, not by professionals, but later the meal was voted by those who ate it, "a dinner fit for a King." And could a dinner be otherwise considered which consisted of fried perch, broiled black bass, squirrel stew, broiled upland plover on toast, boiled green corn, potatoes roasted in the ashes, and coffee?

The most amusing part of this feast occurred when Mr. L—— made mention of how regrettable it was that they had not earlier received notice of the ladies coming to camp, for if they had they would surely have had something in the way of dessert. Immediately Mrs. T—— replies, saying, "Thinking that you might be lacking in delicacies, we have brought pie."

After spending six days in camp the party returned home, and it was the unanimous voice of all that it was the finest outing that they ever had.

E L E V E N T H

Bill's Last Hunt with the Commodore; or, Who Killed the Squirrel—The Man That Pointed the Gun, or the Man That Pulled the Trigger?

CHAPTER I.

WHY CAN'T WE GO HUNTING?

HAVE you any engagement for tomorrow, when you go off duty?" was the question put to Bill by Commodore E——.

"Nothing in particular," Bill replied.

"Why can't we go hunting?"

"Nothing to hinder."

"Will you come down, or shall I drive out to your place?"

"I'll be at the end of the old road at six. You know my motto, 'The first in the covers gets the birds.'"

"All right," replied the Commodore, "I will not keep you waiting. How is Old Tommy,—the finest dog that I ever hunted over?"

"It's a long time ago, Commodore, since you first said those words. And well do I remember the occasion."

"And so do I. It was the first day that we ever hunted together; and when we drove up to that meadow you said, 'We will let the dog hunt this place (a flat piece of land of fifty acres or more, which ran from the road to the river.) I started to get out when you remarked, 'We will remain in the carriage and watch the dog,' who was quartering the ground in grand style. The dog

soon returned to the team, when you remarked, 'Nothing there.' I could not believe it."

"But you did later, Commodore."

"Yes, but not until after we had tramped all over that piece of ground together."

At the appointed time the following morning, the Commodore reined up at the end of the road, and Bill and his dog got into the carriage. "How do you like your new horse?" Bill asked.

"Hardly know. Haven't driven him. Will know more about him before we get back," was the Commodore's answer. And such proved to be the case.

CHAPTER II.

WHO SHOT THE SQUIRREL?

As there was an hour's drive to be had, behind this new horse (which was quite a spirited one), before they would arrive at the first cover, much was said relative to his points. But as Bill never claimed any special knowledge of a horse, he merely assented, when the Commodore made mention of what to him seemed good ones.

They arrived at the first cover in due time, got out, hitched the horse, and as they were about to enter the cover Bill remarked, "Is it meat that we have come for today?"

"That is just what we are here for," the Commodore replied; "and don't you wait for me, but kill your bird."

Bill enters the cover, while the Commodore keeps in the open, following along the edge, when the well known word of Bill, "Mark!"—and the report of his gun were heard; also the words, "Dead bird, Tommy."

These words the Commodore had often heard.

Two more shots from Bill before he gets through the thick cover that borders the brook. He hails, and when answered, tells the Commodore to move ahead and remain still, as the dog is trailing a partridge. This he could do to perfection.

Again the word, "Mark,"—and bang! This time it is the report of his companion's gun which Bill hears; and as he breaks cover on the side hill, he sees his companion standing in the opening; and when hailed, "Is it a dead bird?" was told that he did not know.

"I was well on to my bird, but it was so close to the thick cover there at the board fence, that I could not tell if he came down."

"We will soon find out;"—and Bill motioned the dog over the fence. He soon returned, bringing with him an old cock partridge.

Now, of all the hunting companions that Bill ever had,—and they have been many—who felt, as one might say, "royally good," over killing a bird, none ever felt more so than did his companion of this day, whenever he knocked down one of these birds—the hardest (by many considered) to shoot on the wing, and when the bird by the Commodore was taken from his mouth, no dog ever before had such words of praise showered on him.

After hunting the hillside they tramped over the top of the hill, and down to the lower end of the cover, where a few patches of alders grew, and near them stood some walnut trees. As Bill was about to enter the alders, he sighted a gray squirrel running down a board fence, and on nearing the trees it jumped into one of them. From where he stood he could have shot him, but he wished his companion to do it, telling him the tree that the squirrel was in; but he could not locate him; so Bill endeavored to do so for him by counting the limbs, from the lower one to the one that the squirrel had his paws around.

After doing this several times, the Commodore said, "For the life of me, I cannot make him out, so you shoot."

"No, you point your gun about five feet from the top of the tree." At the same time Bill, stepping behind, said, "A little higher—to the left—more—steady—pull;" and down came the biggest squirrel that either ever saw. The Commodore turned around and remarked, "Who in H— shot the squirrel? The man who sighted the gun, or the one that pulled the trigger?"

This incident was quite amusing to them both, and for some little time after picking up the squirrel they stood chattering about it, but had no sooner started to go than both asked where the dog was. "He can't be far away." Saying this Bill enters the alders and shouts, "The lost has been found," for a short distance ahead of him stands his dog, and a grand sight it was. But it's only for a moment, and "Whirr-r" and the lightning flyer is headed for the pines on the hillside. But he never reached there for he was intercepted with lead from Bill's gun as he passed over his head.

"A grand shot," is the word that comes from his companion.

"And to make such pays one well even if it's all one does after a hard day's tramp.

"That is what you said the first time we went fox hunting, when the hounds ran the fox out of town, and never returned with him until late in the afternoon. He was shot just ahead of the dogs whom we heard as they were fetching him back. And such music no instrument ever made.

"Just before the dogs came to us, and as we were moving along in the wood road beneath those giant pines, out jumped a partridge and although we were greatly surprised we were no more so than the bird when he was brought down. It was then that you uttered the very same words that you have now uttered; and when he was found, which was by you, but it was after listening for a while,

and after quite a hunt for the bird, that you stepped into the brush and pulled him out of the snow, held him up and as you did so remarked, 'This is one of the few good things that one gets from listening.' "

"Purdee, you've got a memory like a horse, for that was many years ago." And as the Commodore uttered these words they arrived back to their team.

CHAPTER III.

THERE GOES THREE HUNDRED DOLLARS TO THE DEVIL.

On getting into their carriage, it was, "Purdee, which way shall we now head?"

"We'll turn around, drive back half a mile, take the first road to the right, and go up that a mile or so, which will fetch us on to that hill," indicating the one with his hands. "And down on the other side is as fine a woodcock cover as anyone ever hunted."

But I'm sorry to say they never hunted it.

How little did these congenial spirits think of what was soon to happen as they drove back on the road and up over the hill, chatting all the while about how well they had done in the first cover. And such a glorious day! "And to be away from one's duties, if only for a few hours, causes one to almost wish that he was an Indian." This was laughingly said by the Commodore.

"We'll hitch here," said Bill, indicating a pair of bars with his hand, "and for a while will have the freedom of the people which you have just named."

Did they have it? No, not that day.

On getting out of their carriage it was decided to give the horse his dinner.

Did he get it? Not that day.

Why? Because, on the Commodore's taking the bridle off his head, he was unable to hold him with the halter which he had put around his neck, for when the horse looked around to see what he was hitched to, he sprang forward and at a fearful gait went galloping down a steep hill, over the roughest road that man ever saw, the Commodore remarking, "There goes three hundred dollars to the Devil."

This was no doubt a fearful sight to both of them; but just before the horse reached the bottom of the hill, the carriage went over on its side and down went the horse against a stone wall, so both thought, and killed for sure. But when they saw his head come up, and him in a moment after make a fearful lunge and come on to his feet clear from the carriage, and hear a fearful snort as he jumps the stone wall and with tail high in the air goes galloping through a field, the Commodore remarked, "Did you ever see the like before? Go it! There certainly are no bones broken."

They both walked down the hill to where the wrecked carriage lay, and on approaching it the Commodore said, "Look! Did you ever! Why, them wheels haven't stopped going yet!" And such was the case, for as the carriage laid on its side the two upper wheels were still spinning around.

"Lucky we took our guns with us when we got out, for look at the eatables, drinkables and the birds! Look! See the squirrel! One would think him to be alive as he lies on that rock over there in the stone wall." And on saying this the Commodore also remarked, "I believe, Purdee, we missed it in not eating that lunch. It is all scattered in the dirt. Not a thing is left. I will gather up the birds if you will go look for the horse."

“See that you get them all, for I fear we have killed the last one for this time. Five woodcock, two partridge, one squirrel.” Saying this Bill goes over the wall where the horse had a short time before preceded him. The horse was not only found but with the assistance of a farmer whom Bill knew, was driven into the corner of a field where he was caught and taken to the stable of the farmer, who was kind enough to loan them both buggy and harness, and after a bit they hitched up and with many kind words to their friend the farmer, started for home, where in due time they arrived; and that night Bill returned with a suitable team, fetching the outfit loaned him by the farmer, and hauled back the wreck.

Soon afterwards the Commodore was ordered to sea and that is why this hunt proved to be the last one with the most genial companion that Bill ever had.



PURDEE AT THIRTY-SIX
When in California.

Three Good Shots.

ON Purdee being asked what was the best shot he ever made, he replied: "That is something that would need time to think over, but I could say what shots gave me the greatest satisfaction."

On his being asked to name them, he started in, as I remember, by saying: "In the year 1880 I was on board the U. S. S. ——— and lying off San Francisco, California, was on shore one night, and while in company with two shipmates, was accosted by a Mr. B— in this way: 'I hear that you have quite a reputation as a wing shooter, but I think that I can beat you at shooting at a target; at least I am willing to risk a bottle of wine that I can do it. What do you say to this?'"

"'Well, Mr. B—, I presume that you must be well versed in this kind of shooting, and have no fear of loosing either wine or reputation, and would feel offended if I declined to shoot; so you just lead the way to the nearest shooting gallery, make any arrangements you see fit, and a friendly contest we will have.'

"In a very short time the four of us were in a gallery, and Mr. B— called the proprietor and made known his business, and was told that he had the finest air guns in the state, and by paying for it could shoot as long as they liked.

"'I want none of your air guns; this is to be settled by fire arms,' was Mr. B—'s answer; 'if you have none we'll go elsewhere.'

"'The only fire arm that I have is an old style 44 Colt's revolver.'

"'Just the thing,' Mr. B— replied. 'Trot it right out,' which

was done. It proved to be an old timer, as percussion caps had to be used; it was soon loaded, and a coin was flipped to decide who should shoot first, and it fell to Purdee.

“The target that was to be shot at represented a full sized man painted in gay colors, with one arm extended over his head, and a picture representing a heart on his left breast. All limbs were numbered with different figures, each one signifying a part of the 100 which the heart or bull’s eye represented, and when this bull’s eye was made it was announced by the ringing of a bell.

“As Purdee stepped forward to shoot, and as he was raising the revolver, the proprietor touched Mr. B— on the arm, at the same time saying, ‘Step back a bit, as the old thing blows when discharged, and you might get some powder in your face.’ Mr. B— steps back, Purdee shoots, the bell rings, and the proprietor remarks, ‘That has never been done with the old pistol before.’

“It is again loaded and passed to Mr. B—, whom all see has a slight tremor; he shoots, the target is hit in the leg, and Mr. B— remarks, ‘I feared that the d—n thing would burst; is there any danger?’

“‘No,’ the proprietor replies; ‘it is only sprung a little so that it blows powder out at the side.’

“Again it is loaded, and Purdee shoots; another bull’s eye is scored, and Mr. B— remarks, ‘I am beat; it is no use to shoot any more.’ But when told that his other two shots might prove bull’s eyes, and Purdee might make a clear miss with his other shot, he decided to try again, with the result that the extended arm was hit. At this a stranger present remarked: ‘He has shot below, and he has shot above; the next will be the heart, sure.’

“This bit of sally caused a great laugh, and Mr. B— said he would pay, but on the proprietor requesting that the other two shots be made, they decided to shoot them. Purdee shot the third

time, and a great shout went up from the great number that had gathered in the gallery; and when the proprietor remarked, 'Three bull's eyes with three shots from an old revolver is a record that will never be beaten,' the crowd gave another shout.

"Mr. B— did not want to shoot his third shot, but all insisted that he should; and so he did, but he was now so rattled that the target was not hit at all. He then explained that when told to step back, for fear that he might get powder blown in his face, it so unnerved him that it was a wonder that either of his shots struck the target. On paying for the shots he says: 'Now, boys, we will try that wine, and God help the man who tries to beat Bill Purdee with a revolver.'"

Note No. 1.—"The two shipmates that witnessed this shooting are now officers in the service of our Uncle Samuel, and will be pleased when reading of this incident, which happened so many years ago."

Note No. 2.—"In 1866 Purdee did with a revolver what was called a most wonderful thing; it is this: while in a boat pulling around 'Dead Man's Island' in the Bay of Panama, he made a record of hitting three out of five Land Crabs, shot at as they ran up the clift of rocks. This was done many times: boat and crabs were both moving; the crabs were the size of one's hand."

T H I R T E E N T H

Tommy Finds His Master.

IT was when Purdee was young that he raised and trained a fine setter; he was what many noted dog fanciers often pronounced to be the finest working dog, in cover and field, that they ever saw. He was so well trained and obedient to his motions that he rarely ever had to speak to him. He had a way which he could not have taught him, that is, have a bird between them, so that when flushed (which he would always do when he heard his master cluck) it was invariably driven out of the cover, giving his master an open shot.

His staunchness when on a point was remarkable; one could always call one's companion and take all the time that one wished before he would flush the bird.

Just how long he would stand a bird, Purdee is unable to say; but when in meadows, hunting snipe, he always allowed him to range, and he often had to go over hills to other meadows to find him; that is, when he did not show up in a reasonable length of time; and oh! what a sight he has often seen, as the same would be to all lovers of the dog, when found, as rigid as marble; and, brother sportsman, Purdee will never forget the position in which he at one time found him. It might be called a quarter point, for his body was twisted so that it was nearly a right angle, with one fore foot raised from the ground. This was the position in which he found him. How long he had been in such a position he is unable to say, but he does know that it was the longest hunt that he ever had to find him.

What can be said of the joy and pleasure which that dog felt:

when he knew that his master had found him? We can't say anything; but then we can think a heap, for, on Purdee's approaching him, the momentary relaxing of his tail, the slightest little wag, and all was rigid again, his eyes bulging and ablaze as never before; he was pointing a wisp of snipe.

Purdee left his home; was absent three long years. Yes, readers of these incidents, they were long years, for when one has to remain away from all that is dear to him, as Purdee did, for that length of time, he would find that a part of his life had passed by.

Before leaving home, he bid good-bye to all. His dog, with the rest, watched him out of sight, and many and many were the times, and for months, he watched the spot where his master passed out of sight.

I will now ask those of kindred spirits what they think would have been the feelings of his dog at some time after sitting for hours watching the spot where his master passed from view, to have seen him return?

Well, he did return, and oh! what joy to find all well who were so dear to him; but to his old dog he was a stranger and remained so for several days; not in any possible way could he make friends with him.

But four days after arriving home, it being springtime, Purdee decided to go snipe shooting. After getting into his hunting clothes, he picked up his gun and spoke to his dog, who reluctantly followed him. He had some distance to go, and before reaching the snipe grounds, his dog started to go back home; but as Purdee was most keenly watching his every move, he discharged his gun, as he was on the point of turning to leave him, and called out "Dead bird, Tommy." These were the words that he had spoken a thousand times to him, whenever he wished him to seek for a dead bird.

The discharge of the gun seemed to put new life into him, who was now thirteen years old; with some little more coaxing they soon passed over a hill, where a snipe meadow was all in view, and his dog starts off as in days gone by.

And as Purdee stood watching his every move, he asks himself, "Was there ever such another dog?" And when he draws on a point, the sight was so beautiful to him that he decided in his own mind that there never was. But on the bird being flushed and downed, and soon another, he was still a stranger to his dog. But on killing the fourth bird, he soon had the feelings that he never had before; his thirteen-year-old dog had suddenly turned into a puppy, and as he lovingly licks his hands, Purdee hugs him in his arms, and as he releases him he bounds a few yards away to playfully come running back to again be fondly caressed; and no wonder, for he had just found his master.

F O U R T E E N T H

Purdee Gets His Wish.

IT was October, the ideal month of the year to all lovers of field sports, when the changeable and varied hues of the foliage equal the colors of the rainbow. Bill was taking in this the grandest sight, the like of which can be found nowhere else in the wide world, as he rides over hill and through dale on a New England country road, holding well in hand a fine stepping mare named Woodcock, after the gamest of all game birds. His desire to reach a well known cover had been so great that Woodcock, the mare (not the bird), was all white with lather when he hauls up and hitches by the roadside some nine miles from his home. He soon attends to the mare, puts on his shooting jacket, and with Gar, a fine red Irish setter that he had broken, was soon in cover where they both had often been before.

It had rained hard for several days, but this morning was bright, and one felt new life from riding in the glow of the morning sun. He had great hopes of bagging a goodly number of birds, but after beating up one side of the cover, across it and up a hill-side where he never before failed to get up a bird, was beginning to be a little discouraged; and when he had hunted back down the cover to his team, the dog not getting as much as a smell, and this in a cover where he had often bagged the "long bills," it was, to say the least, not encouraging.

In this hunt he had an especial object. His son had unfortunately broken the stock of his gun, which had necessitated its restocking. This, with the assistance of a friend, Bill had accomplished; hence his great desire to get up a bird so as to test it, and

his disappointment was greater in failing to find a bird in this the best cover he ever hunted.

Although he was somewhat discouraged, still he had before him the greater part of the loveliest day that one ever hunted. On his coming out into the road, he pats his mare and tells her of his poor luck. He crosses the road and commences hunting up a brook to another well known cover. This he hunts with the same result.

He turns and is now hunting down on the opposite side, when he comes to a branch in the brook and says to himself, "Did man ever have such luck? Oh for just one shot, just to see how the new stock fits." And as he starts to hunt the branch he wishes that he might get up a pair of ruffed grouse, saying to himself, "If I should and kill them both, I will go right to my team and drive straight home again."

This wish he made and starts to hunt the branch, when his dog halts on a point, but not for long, for into the air in opposite directions shoot with such speed a pair of ruffed grouse that the flight of a meteor would be slow in comparison. The bird to the right was a fair shot, but the one to the left was a rising bird, forty feet in the air, going through pines fifty yards away, before Bill was enabled to connect with him, which he did with the choke bore, and as Bill said, he had that joyful hilarious feeling that all have on successfully making this, the most difficult shot, a right and left at ruffed grouse when in cover.

On his dog retrieving the birds, Bill was just boiling over, so to speak, at realizing his wish so quick. He was so profuse in his praises as he patted his dog that he even referred to his noble ancestors who, the second generation back (that is, dog generation), came from the beautiful "Green Isle," but he assured him there was nothing green about him.

On his way back to his team, Bill thought it very singular.

Did anyone ever before make such a wish and get it? Now that he had gotten his wish, what about the other part—driving home? Thus was he thinking when he got back to his team, and looking at his watch he learned that it was only ten o'clock. It would be a shame to give up hunting on such a lovely day. But as he unhitched Woodcock he thought that if he remained any longer and hunted, something might happen to him, and as he drove towards home he became so thoroughly impressed that it would be best not to do so that he could not have been tempted to stop and do any more hunting.

The result of the double shot had proved that the old gun came to his shoulder as though it were the old stock, which was most gratifying.

His home was distant a fifty minute drive and Woodcock had done it often in that time, so he was soon there, and on his reining up at the stable, his wife came out greatly surprised and asked: "Why home so soon? Has anything happened?"

"No," Bill replied. "But for fear something might is why I came back so soon." And then he tells her all about it, at which she laughs, saying, "Never hereafter say anything to me about old women's whims."

Note.—It might not be inappropriate to add, that the old gun is still in the family, owned by the boy who broke it, highly prized and still serviceable.

F I F T E E N T H

A Western Hunting Trip.

CHAPTER I.

PURDEE LOSES HIS DOG.

LATE in the 80's Purdee received these words from his son who was living in the state of Indiana, "Be sure and come early, before the chickens get wild."

Now the reason of this was that Purdee had partially promised his son that he would come out and have a hunt for chickens before the season was over.

In August, 1888, he was en route for the west by way of the Hoosac Tunnel. This being his first trip over this line he has always delighted in making mention of it.

While passing through the State of Massachusetts he sees the grandest panorama that he ever saw, and it is all nature's work, too, and he was so enthusiastic over what he had seen that for hours he sat discussing nature's wonders with his fellow passengers.

After going to bed that night it seemed to him that he had not been asleep an hour when he was awakened by the porter and told that the cars were "running hot," and five minutes would be allowed for changing cars.

Purdee had made the acquaintance of a fellow passenger who was en route for California; with him were his wife and two children, one a babe. He saw that they were greatly excited. Now Purdee was not only an old rounder, on the road, but many times

in his life he had received an order that not only meant dress, but dress mighty quick; so in a few moments he was dressed and stepped to the compartment occupied by his friends and asked if there was any assistance which he could render, at the same time he told them to keep right to work. "Lots can be done in a minute," he said. "Let me take the babe." This being done he tells the man to be sure and not leave anything behind, and as he moves toward the car door he turns and says, "Be quiet, lady, I will hold the train." When the words "All aboard" passed, Purdee was standing beside the one who passed it, and his friends were near the car, and soon all were on board and the train pulled out of Buffalo, New York; but the dog had not been thought of.

No doubt the readers of this incident will wonder what all this has to do with shooting prairie chickens out in the state of Indiana.

Well, it came pretty near having lots to do with any being killed over one of the finest dogs that came from the kennel of Dr. Jarvis of Claremont, N. H., for when Purdee left the dining car after breakfast, he went straight to the baggage car with some corn bread obtained from a waiter in his hands to feed his dog, he found none there neither could he learn anything about him.

As he had the night before left money to be given to the man who had the morning run, he was greatly disappointed at not being able to find his dog or even learning anything of his whereabouts.

Just at this moment the train stops and all get off to see one of the "Wonders of the World," Niagara Falls, and as Purdee stands gazing at this, the greatest sight that he ever saw, he remains mute, says not a word, until a fellow passenger remarked, "How is it that you say nothing on seeing for the first time one of the grandest sights in the world?" At this Purdee replies, "How in the name of heaven can a man enthuse on Niagara Falls when he

has just learned that he has lost his dog, and a fine red Irish setter at that?"

This sentiment attracted the attention of a gentleman standing near by, who extended his hand, at the same time saying, "You have my sympathy; my name is Dennis O'Brien, state attorney of New York." They soon enter the car, the train moves ahead and Purdee is requested to join O'Brien in the smoker, which he does, and is told that when he made mention of his loss and the way that he expressed it just touched him right; and when O'Brien remarked, "I always like to hear my people spoken well of," it caused a great shout in the smoker.

Much talk was made relative to the lost dog, and Purdee had the sympathy of all his fellow passengers and on leaving the train seven gentlemen bade him goodby and wished him success in recovering his dog. Did he get him? Well, watch out and see.

CHAPTER II.

DOG AND MASTER MET.

When Purdee alighted from the train, he was met by his son; and almost the first words which he said were, "Where is Gar?" This was the name of the lost dog. When told about what had happened, his son felt very bad; but when he told his son what he had decided on doing, it at once cheered him up.

Now Purdee had a cousin who lived in the same city where his son was employed, and this cousin was a high official on the Big 4 R. R., so he proposed that the first thing in the morning they acquaint him with the facts and have him wire back over the line for the dog. So the first thing that Purdee utters on entering his cousin Albert's office was, "Lost my dog, Albert."

After shaking hands and answering many questions, Purdee is asked, "Now what about the dog?" When the whole business had been explained, Albert calls for his operator, and soon afterwards messages were following one another back over the line to Buffalo.

This was kept up for some time; and it was not until the third day that the dog was located, when this message was received, "Dog found, is on train No. 19, will be due in La Fayette at 11 A. M."

Now when Purdee received this bit of news, he just "lit out" for the station; and when No. 19 pulled in, he was at the baggage car; and on the door being run back, he sees his dog; he hands the baggage master a five dollar bill, at the same time saying, "Let that dog out."

"Not much; you are the second man that has tried that game since I have had charge of him, only the other one was more liberal; he offered a ten."

"Well, it's my dog."

"The other fellow didn't claim ownership; he merely said, 'Cut the string and let him jump from the car on the opposite side.'" At this Purdee laughs, and said, "You are the right man to have charge of a dog"; and then he spoke to his dog, calling him by name, and asked him if he had forgotten his master. The dog was now jumping on his chain in such a way to get to his master that the baggage master was convinced that the rightful owner was claiming the dog.

When the dog was passed out to his master, Purdee remarked that it had taken some less than a million telegrams to recover the dog; and when the chain was taken from his collar and the words, "heel up," spoken by his master, the dog promptly obeying, there was further proof that master and dog had met.

CHAPTER III.

THE PITCHFORK DIDN'T WORK.

Soon after Purdee got his dog he took him to the office of the relative who had so kindly interested himself, and who at no time got discouraged, but always, when meeting Purdee, said to him, "If he is alive I will get him."

When the dog was taken into the office, the first thing that Albert said was, "Well, he is a handsome fellow; and no wonder you was anxious to recover him."

"I will now take him to the man who did the telegraphing," Purdee said, "just to let him know that it was no "cur" that was being hunted for."

The next day after getting the dog Purdee takes him out for a short hunt, and in a few days goes for chickens; this he was anxious to do, as his dog had never smelt one of these birds. He behaved well, and Purdee was pleased with the way that he worked; and later he had several afternoon hunts with his son, always returning with a few chickens.

But now they have decided to take a hunt, some twenty-five miles out of town, and they start late in the afternoon; they drive part of the distance, stopping at a friend's that night, but they make an early start the next morning and arrive at "Round Grove," the place where they are to hunt, shortly after sunrise.

They hitch up by the roadside, and start in to hunt for chickens. Neither had ever been in the locality before. After an hour's hunt, the dog finally "winds" game and soon "stands firm," and they kill their first chickens. Sometime afterwards they return to their team with three birds.

They are soon in another stubble field, and when two chickens are killed, they have to seek shelter from the rain in a cabin near

by, where the good woman gets them a nice dinner; and on their leaving, she is well rewarded.

The sun having come out, they drive but a short distance, when they again stop. They had not hunted long (but two birds were knocked down), when down comes a man from a house near by, shouting at the top of his voice, and at the same time brandishing a pitchfork.

He had now gotten so near that what he said could be understood, and it was this: "Just wait till I jabs this fork into ye's, and I be d—d if the like o' ye's will ever come on me land again." He had now approached quite near to Purdee, who bids him good-day, at the same time asks, "What's the trouble?" As his actions indicated that he meant what he had said, the muzzle of Purdee's gun is quickly dropped and the man with the pitchfork stops, when Purdee remarks, "If I had thought it possible to get into such a scrape I would never have left my home way down in Maine."

"Is it from there that ye come?"

"Yes, sir; and allow me to make you acquainted with my son, who lives in the city." At the same time Purdee introduces himself and asks the man his name. When told that it was "Pat Dumidy," he remarked, "A French name?"

"Not by a d—d sight; it's a good old Irish name."

"Put it right there, Mr. Dumidy," said Purdee, offering his hand. "I am always pleased to meet one of your kind; and look there (points to his dog), see the finest Red Irish Setter that ever stepped on the sod of this state;" saying this he passes Mr. Dumidy a cigar, and lights one himself; then continues saying, "Now tell us what all this means. I can always talk much better when smoking; how is it with you, Mr. Dumidy?" Then he offers him a lighted match. They were now all smoking, and are told that one day last week some hunters came to his place; they did not kill

any prairie chickens, but came up to the house and shot his chickens in his yard. "I then made up my mind," he said, "that when the next ones came here I would put a pitchfork into 'm, if I killed 'm."

"Well, sir, I am awful glad that you didn't kill us," Purdee said.

"Kill you! When you dropped that gun on to me, and when I was looking into the barrels, I changed my mind."

"Well, I am mighty glad that you did; that no one is hurt, and that all are feeling better."

"And so am I," Mr. Dumidy replied; "and now, gentlemen, you are at liberty to hunt anywhere on my land, and I have lots of it; if you have got time, I would like for you to go up to the house; if not, go to that lane yonder (indicating with his hand), go down that until you come to a field of oats—there are ninety acres in the field—and when bunching up the oats yesterday I saw lots of chickens."

When Purdee thanked him, his son stepped up; passed his card and said, "When you come to town, Mr. Dumidy, if you don't look me up I shall feel offended."

With a good-bye, they started for the field, and soon after entering it the dog finds birds; and such shooting no mortals ever had before, that is, for a short time.

It was late in the day when they entered the field, and the first chickens killed were by double shots from each gun, when Purdee's boy said, "You killed both of yours, and I only one."

"You got them both, my son," said Purdee, for at that moment the last bird shot at came down; "my first shot was a clean miss."

"But, father, you killed two birds, for I saw them come down."

"Yes, my boy, but I killed them both with the second barrel; although they were ten yards apart, they were in line."

After the four birds had been retrieved, they start in on a lively hunt, and just as the sun was setting they came out of the field with twenty-one chickens.

They hurried to their team, and when headed home they were highly pleased with the result of the day's hunt.

With a noted roadster the twenty-five miles were soon covered, and they were again back in town.

Next to shooting game birds, with Purdee, was the presenting of some friend with a bunch of them, which he often did.

So some days after these birds had been sent to his friends, and while sitting in the office of his cousin, where a number of his kind had gathered, Albert (who, by the way, was a jovial fellow, and had a heart in him in proportion to his weight, which was two hundred and fifty pounds) says, "Bill, what about this narrow escape from a horrible death while on one of your hunting trips a short time since?"

"Why, you haven't learned of that, have you? I didn't want that little affair to become known, at least not until after I had gotten out of town. You see, a modest fellow like myself, don't want to become lionized to such an extent that any "kid" who chances to meet him on the street would point him out as the man who wasn't willing to be pitched with a fork into the next world."

At this the boys all laughed, and Albert insisted on Bill telling the whole facts, which he finally did; and on his reciting the part where Mr. Dumidy is taken for a Frenchman, it was too much for the crowd, and such a shout one never heard before.

"Now, boys," Albert says, "I will adjourn this meeting subject to the call of Bill Purdee, the champion chicken shooter and pacifier of enraged Frenchmen with Irish names."

S I X T E E N T H

Bill's Southern Hunting Trip.

CHAPTER I.

THE RUN TO BALTIMORE.

AT the close of the hunting season of '91, Purdee was about to realize the dream of his life; for he was soon to start for the "Louisiana Low Lands," where he expected to get in touch with the feathered tribe that there do congregate in millions; that is, he had often read that such was the case.

On the second of December he leaves his native town, as the guest of his friend Captain H—— of the steamship C. M., and as the ship steams down the river, Bill is reminded of days long ago; and as she passes the "Old Stone Beacon" he thinks of the order given and which he obeyed when a lad on board of an old time packet ship. It was just as she was passing this same beacon that these words were passed, "Lay aloft, loose the main topsail." How nimble he was then as into the rigging he sprang, up the ratlines ran and out on the yard arm, cast loose the ganet, when down drops the sail and down from aloft Bill and the others come.

As the noble ship with topsails set glides on and through the "narrows," past where sailors' lasses stand, and with handkerchiefs are waving good-bye, these were the thoughts that Bill had as the ship steams on and soon enters the spacious harbor, and later out onto the broad Atlantic and past the Isles of Shoals, and at this point Bill is again reminded of his early days and of the first time he ever saw the beacon light at the Shoals. It was many years ago,

and when coming from a foreign land in the good old sailing ship R—— bound for the port of Boston; and for two weeks after sighting land this good old ship rode the tempestuous seas, struggling for supremacy and her destined port—Boston. During this time the light was often seen by Bill and his shipmates.

As he stands gazing at objects soon to pass from view, he thinks of the time when they were first seen by him. After three days he arrives in Baltimore, where he is to be joined by his old hunting chum.

He had taken with him his dogs, and a finer pair of setters never took a sea voyage; certainly none ever knew more, that is in the mind of Captain H——. Though not exactly a hunter, he was a great lover of dogs; and on going to dinner, which was the first meal served after leaving port, Purdee remarked, "I will put the dogs forward."

"No," Captain H—— said, "let them remain with us," and on entering the mess room they were ordered by their master to take their positions one on each side of the Captain, who sat at the head of the table; and as they remained without any further orders until the people were leaving the table, they were then told by Bill that they were good boys, and "now we will go;" at this they start, just as the Captain leaves the table, he saying kind words and patting each on the head, little dreaming what effect the word "go" that Purdee had uttered had to do with their moving.

On entering the mess room for tea that night Bill was highly elated, not so much over the funny story that the Captain was telling (though that was very good) and had not finished until some little time after being seated, thus giving him the opportunity of making certain signs which the dogs understood and the Captain did not notice, as with the way the dogs behaved. When the story was finished, the Captain looked around, noticed the position which the

dogs had taken, and for a few moments said nothing, but when he did it meant lots; and what he said was this: "Purdee, how much behind the human family, in manners, is the dog? Certainly those two are not far behind." And he gently pats each of them on the head.

During the remainder of this short sea trip the dogs, whenever entering the mess room at meal times, went to the head of the table and sat beside the Captain which was very enjoyable to him.

The next day after arriving in Baltimore, Bill's chum joined him. The following day he bids good bye to his friends and with dogs and traps he leaves the ship; but before doing so, is requested by the Captain to leave one of those animals, and he didn't care which one it was.

"Can't do it Captain," said Bill; "but ask me for anything else that I have, and it is yours."

CHAPTER II.

STILL SOUTHWARD THEY GO.

On Bill's leaving the ship, his chum, Lew Sears, had to be told all about the trip and how the dogs behaved on board ship, this being their first voyage on the "briny deep," as Lew put it; so Bill had to tell him how the dogs went into the mess room at meal times and the positions which they took at the table. When Bill finished, Lew remarked, "Old Captain ain't up to the snuff on dogs."

By night they had gotten all their outfit together and sent it to the station. They were to leave the city at 10 P. M., so they were there in time to check their baggage and make suitable arrangements to transport the dogs. This little business being completed, Bill remarked, "The way things look tonight, Lew, we are to realize our long cherished wish."

"Well Bill, it does look pretty much that way," says Lew, and long before the words "All aboard" were passed, they were there, and when the train pulled out it contained two mighty good fellows, this I can vouch for.

The ride, although a long one, proved very interesting, and at all the stops where the words "ten minutes for lunch" were passed, Purdee visits the baggage car to feed his dogs, also to "tip" the baggage master for caring for them. Nothing out of the ordinary happened while on this trip and in due time they arrived in New Orleans.

CHAPTER III.

LEW GETS SICK.

"While I care for the dogs, Lew," said Bill, "you hunt for a place for us to stop tonight."

In a short time Lew returned with a drayman, and with dogs and traps they were soon registered in the Johns Hotel, and when asked by the landlord if they were to remain any length of time, Purdee answered, "Only for the night."

"If you were to remain for a week," said the landlord, "I could give you better rates."

When this was said, little did either dream that where they were there they would remain for some time. During the night Lew complained of not feeling well, and in the morning he was in a bad condition. Purdee fixes him up something hot and after drinking it he thinks he feels better, but he has no desire to eat. So Bill goes to breakfast alone and is feeling just a little blue. After breakfast he starts out, but he soon returns with some medicine; he has Lew take a fever powder, and continues this throughout the day and for a number of days.

Lew is now a sick man, but he will not have a doctor, always saying, "I will be better in the morning." One day Purdee says to him, "You got this 'grippe' fever cold, or whatever it is, by that d——n drunken brute opening the car window when the train pulled out of Mobile and keeping it open. I should thought he would have taken a cold, hanging his head out so long."

"Taken cold!" Lew said. "With the rum in him that he had? He stood no more show of catching cold than a wooden Indian."

"Lew, you are better," said Bill.

"Well, Bill, I believe tonight that I am feeling some better, but not much," says Lew. "Why that last dose that you gave me has had no more effect on me than so much water; ordinarily, such a dose would have caused me to try to rival 'Dick Dead Eye,' and again Lew is told that he is surely better, and that night he is not so restless."

In the morning Bill prevailed on Lew to go to breakfast with him and on coming out of the dining room Bill remarked, "If you ain't any better, Lew, it causes me to feel a heap happier with you at the table."

"If that is so, I will not keep away any more," said Lew.

The next day Bill takes Lew to the French market where he sees all kinds of game; in doing this he thought the sight of game birds which Lew had killed so many of, would in a measure cheer him up, or in other words, act as a tonic. And so it did, for he at once said, after looking at several kinds of ducks, snipe and plovers, "Let's get to the country where such birds dwell." Then Bill tells him that while out exercising the dogs he had strolled into the market and made the acquaintance of Paul St. Phillip, who is the largest dealer in game in the market, and he had told him what he considered to be the finest location for hunting in the state, which was the town of Jennings, located 170 miles out, on the Southern Pacific R. R.

On their return to the hotel Lew was a little shaky, but that night while sitting in their room he said he thought that it would be best to leave the city. So they decided to start in the morning, and after having remained there for twelve days, they are again on the road.

At four P. M. they arrived at Jennings. The long ride has proved most too much for Lew, but he is soon made comfortable in a hotel near the station where Bill had secured a room.

BILL HAS HIS FIRST HUNT, AND LEW STARTS NORTH.

The next morning Purdee starts out for a hunt, just to prove to Lew that they had found the "hunter's paradise." He did not wish to remain long away from his chum, so he returned for dinner, and with him came nineteen snipe.

While he was away he thought lots about his chum, and feared that he would never shoot his gun while in Jennings. The sight of the birds caused him to brighten up and as Bill tells how plentiful the birds were, Lew's eyes grow bright, but are soon dim, and he goes to his room where Bill soon joins him, when he remarks, "I fear that I have done my last hunting."

"Nonsense, Lew," said Bill; "you are tired, and after a few days' rest you will feel like yourself again, and then goodbye 'long-bills.'" It was now the 22d of December.

Christmas comes and there is no improvement in Lew. It is now a very serious thing, made so by the shortness of funds. Bill had some time since sent for funds and at every mail he looked for a remittance. All the funds which they had would only be sufficient to take one of them north, but Bill feared to have his chum take this trip alone, and begged of him to wait longer but he had now gotten into such a condition both in mind and body that he would wait no longer. On New Year's night he leaves for the north and

a sad parting it was for these two who had lived together in camp for many months, and for years had been hunting companions, and never a word in anger had either uttered against the other. But part they must, and so they did, but it was only because their funds were low.

CHAPTER IV.

PURDEE HAS A NEW PARTNER.

The next morning the landlord calls Purdee from his room, saying that a gentleman wishes to see him.

On Purdee coming into the office, he is accosted with the words, "How do sir; pard got sick and left you; don't you want another?"

"Take a seat, sir, and we will talk the matter over; my name is Purdee."

"So I have heard; mine's Pinney."

"Not much alike except the 'P.' Where do you hail from Mr. Pinney?"

"I am a Michigander."

"Been here long?"

"Several years."

"What kind of a place is it?"

"Kinder sickish; leastwise it has been so with me and mine this season; wife and three children been down with the fever."

"Am sorry to learn that, Mr. Pinney."

"Thank you, sir; it's kinder pleasant to have sympathy, and it don't cost anything for one to give it; but it won't feed the children, and that is what I am here to see you about."

"Well, Mr. Pinney, I like frankness in anyone; now what do you propose we should do?"

"You are acquainted in New Orleans and would know how to get game to market without them commission fellows taking the lion's share."

"Well, if I had anything to sell, I don't think I would allow anyone to rob me."

"That's what I want, and I think we can make a hitch; am acquainted with all the hunting grounds about here, but I haven't hunted much this season. I was working over in Beaumont during the summer; wife got sick, then one of the boys, then a girl and then another boy, and I had to give up and come home; and soon I got the fever; but now we are better, but no richer."

"Then as I understand it, you would like for me to take this matter up in a business manner?"

"Exactly."

"Very well; suppose we take a little tramp this afternoon."

"All right."

"How are you fixed for ammunition, Mr. Pinney?"

"Well, sir, I am short; but I hear that you brought a keg of powder and bags of shot and everything else."

"What bore is your gun?"

"Ten, and a powerful shooter."

"Have you brass shells?"

"Yes, lots of them."

"Well, I will let you have some ammunition."

So Bill gets it, and when giving it to Pinney says, "I am going to the Post Office; will it be out of your way to go there with me?"

"No, I pass there on my way to my house."

At this they leave the hotel, and on the way Bill is told much about the hunting grounds and the different kinds of game to be found about the place. On reaching the office, Bill told his new partner that as soon as he had dinner he would like to start out.

"All right, I will be there."

Bill found at the office what he had been expecting for several days, and had he received it the day before he would never had Pinney for a partner.

CHAPTER V.

BILL'S FIRST HUNT WITH PINNEY.

Purdee was hardly ready when he received word that he was wanted; and as he knew who it was that sent the message he passed out of the house all prepared for hunting, and as he stepped up to the one who was now to be his hunting companion he remarked, "I see you are on hand, Mr. Pinney."

"Well, I always try to keep my appointments."

"An excellent idea; and I will say this to you Mr. Pinney, that he who keeps his appointments never has to offer any excuses. I see that you have a nice little 'hitch-up.'"

"Well, sir, he is small, but powerfully strong; he can take us anywhere we wish to go and haul us back again, can't you Billy?" This he said to his pony.

By this time Purdee had gotten into the little "go-cart," as the other part of the "hitch-up" was called, and on Pinney speaking to his pony, that powerful little animal, Billy, starts jogging out of town, with Sport, Purdee's youngest dog, running between the wheels. They were that busy talking that time and distance had passed so quickly that they were nearing the first cover when Pinney hauled up, looked back and said, "We have left the dog." At this Purdee spoke his name and Sport came out from under the "gig," to the great wonderment of Pinney, who remarked, "The like of that I have never seen before. We will hitch the pony to that old dead tree; and in that scrub growth we'll find quail."

Guns mounted, and they were soon there, and so was Sporty, as solid as a rock on a covey of quail. Both had taken positions, when the dog was ordered to flush the birds, which he did; and in an instant there were dead quail, live ones and feathers in the air; the old ten bore proving bad for the quail; one might have thought that a dynamite cartridge had been exploded amongst the birds. Now, to the delight of his partner, Purdee takes his dog and works up the remainder of the birds, getting many fine shots; at last he remarks, "We will leave the rest for seed."

"Now for snipe and possibly a duck," says Pinney. As the ground was most too dry, the snipe they did not find, save two; just enough for Pinney to see what Sport could do.

On returning from this, their first hunt, they brought back seventeen quail, two snipe, one mallard duck, one prairie hen, one rabbit and one squirrel. This I take from Paul St. Phillip's bill.

CHAPTER VI.

THEY GOT THIS TIME WHAT THEY WENT FOR.

Pinney was on hand the next morning, and as they drove to the hunting grounds he had much to say about the dogs, as he was now caring for them at his home.

"We didn't find them snipe yesterday, but we are bound to this morning." This was said just as he pulled "Billy the Goat," as he called his pony, up along side of the fence. "That pony got the name of 'Billy the Goat' from my oldest boy who, on the day that I drove him home, and asked him how he liked Billy, my new horse, said, 'Why par! you don't call it a hos, do you? It ain't bigger then a goat.' So ever since then he's been called 'Billy the Goat.'"

They were soon in the rice fields and the snipe were in the air. They were so plentiful that Purdee calls his dog to heel, and there he remains and is not allowed to hunt only for a dead bird when it cannot be found without the dog, which is often the case when a successful double shot is made, for the fields are so much alike that it is impossible to find a bird if you once take your eyes off from it. The birds are walked up, and in great numbers, so that when they came out of the fields they had fifty-four snipe. On the way back, they killed a pair of mallard ducks, a teal duck and two doves, these last being very numerous around the stacks of straw. This count per second bill from P. St. Phillip. Now I don't intend to enumerate the kinds or number of birds killed at every hunt, but will at different times mention any extra shooting.

On returning from this, their second hunt, Purdee was feeling highly elated; his partner he liked, and he was now becoming acquainted with the grounds.

Saturday night had come and no returns as yet had been received from game shipments, so he says to his partner, "Would a few dollars be acceptable tonight, it being Saturday?"

"Why, you ain't got nothing yet for the birds, have you?"

"No, but it matters not; if a few dollars will be of service, you can have them." Then he passes him a few bills and Pinney says, "Why, Mr. Purdee, I never had this done to me before."

"What done to you?"

"A dollar given to me before I earned it."

CHAPTER VII.

A DAY WITH THE DUCKS.

It was quite a drive to the pond which lay between two rice fields where Pinney intended hunting. "The wind is right and the

ducks will be moving. You see," he said, "they can't remain still very long when the wind blows like it does today, and from the south."

Long before arriving at the pond, many ducks were seen on the wing. After putting the pony between two stacks of straw, where he would be out of the wind, and with a bundle of dry straw to be used as a seat in the high grass, it was not long before they were in position. Shortly a pair of Mallards called on Pinney and a neater shot one never made, so Purdee says who saw it all. As his partner rose to shoot, the birds began to climb, but soon came tumbling down and Sport retrieves his first duck.

It's now an empty gun, and a dead duck, over and over again, and to Purdee it was royal sport.

There was now a lull and Pinney hails, saying, "The birds will fly no more until sunset." So they brought their birds together, and the bunch consisted of eighteen mallard ducks, four gray ducks and one teal duck, and Sport had proved a fine retriever. On the way back, fourteen doves, five quail and two snipe were bagged. This count also verified by bill from Paul St. Phillip.

While on the way home, Purdee had much to say relative to woodcock, but as Pinney had never killed one, neither had he ever been with anyone who had, it was entirely new to him to have Purdee enthuse on this particular kind of hunting; and when he said, "I came all the way from Maine to hunt these birds," he just said "Whoa," and stopped the pony, saying, "I'd never thought it; is Sport as good on woodcock as he is on quail? If he is, he's a dandy."

"Get up, Billy, we shan't get home now until near dark," and as he says this he turns to see how near it is to sunset. "It will soon be out of sight; and I am blowed if that dog ain't now." At this the pony was again stopped and Purdee was greatly surprised

at not seeing Sport. "Nothing like this ever happened before," he said. "Hope he hasn't become sick and laid down."

"Laid down!" Pinney now shouts. "Does that picture look much like lying down?" at the same time pointing toward the sun, which was reflecting on the dog who was on a slight rise in the prairie a mile or more back. He was pointing a prairie chicken, and as they sat in the little gig watching the dog, Pinney remarked, "It will be many a day before the rays of the setting sun will shine on a lovelier object. What shall we do, drive back?"

"No, Pinney, it would be too dark to shoot when we got there; the sun is already out of sight; we will drive ahead. When we have passed from the dog's view no doubt he will flush the bird and then it will not be long before he will overtake us, and it'll be before we reach the town, too."

It was dark long before they reached there, but when they did, the first town light shone on what Pinney had called a picture running between the wheels.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE FIRST WOODCOCK.

On starting out the next day, Purdee remarked, "If there is a woodcock in the state, I am bound to find him before I return. I see you have both dogs, and when we get them under the grapevines that must grow along the banks of that bayou, away to the left of the pond which we were hunting at yesterday, I shall be surprised if they don't nose up a woodcock. But as we have taken an early start we can spend some time at the pond."

On arriving there a few ducks were seen, and shortly after being settled in their positions, Pinney kills a duck, and when old

Gar retrieves it for him he is greatly pleased, but no more so than when a pair are knocked down by Purdee and Gar does not move from his side.

When seven mallards, two grays and a pair of teal are killed, Purdee shouts, "Time's up; we came for woodcock."

On approaching the straw stacks they saw some doves, and in a short time they bag fourteen.

A short drive and they are where Purdee believes woodcock should be. As Pinney had been caring for the dogs at his home, old Gar was willing to hunt with him; but they had not hunted long before Pinney hailed, saying, "Gar's pointing."

"You just cluck, and he will put the bird in the air," says Purdee. This he did, and Pinney kills his first woodcock; but it took the second shot to do the business. He then calls out, "Don't they just get, when they leave the ground?"

It's now bang, bang, from Purdee's gun; when Pinney says, "There's two that you didn't let get far."

When the hunt ended Purdee had learned something new; he who had hunted this bird for many years, and had made a wonderful record, did, on that day, learn that if the bird was not killed when flushed, he was not likely to be killed that day; for if missed while getting up through the trees, it would go on and pass away out of sight. And Purdee has said, that he never knew that he had killed a bird on a day that he had missed it at the first jump, for he was never able to mark one down, they flew so far. In his old haunts he had been known to get a bird up continuously, even to the fourth or fifth time until bagged. He was not only pleased with the number of birds killed, but with the way Sport, his young dog, had behaved.

On getting back to the gig, they were able to put twenty woodcock into the sack with the ducks. When this was being done,



“PINNEY, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF WOODCOCK?”

Pinney remarked, "If any one thinks that you ain't 'up to the snuff' in this business, they had best go out walking with you."

They had driven but a short distance, when they stop, get out and hunt a low place, in a rice field, and soon return with eight snipe.

As they again start, and this time towards home, Pinney says, "It's but one more hunt today."

And as they jog along, he starts in on woodcock, and many are the questions that Purdee is asked, about their habits, and where he has killed them; all of which was most interesting to him.

They had not finished talking about this bird when Pinney says, "Here we are, and there's where the quail are," indicating the place with his hand. Before it was reached, "Just to keep their hand in," as Pinney said, they knocked down six field larks.

There was now a grand sight for both; as they saw the young dog back the old one, who had a covey of quail. When the birds were flushed, some were killed and some were not, but of the latter a number were afterwards picked up; and they came out bringing eleven quail with them, and the sun still an hour high; when Pinney remarks, "This finishes up for today; and we will not be far out of town when the sun sets." And as they drive back home he is asked by Purdee, what he thinks of woodcock.

CHAPTER IX.

SECOND HUNT FOR WOODCOCK.

On Pinney's driving up and taking Purdee in, he remarks, "I take it that this is about the right kind of a day for hunting woodcock."

"Yes," Bill replies. "Nothing like a still day for hunting these birds."

“Well, I went to sleep last night thinking about them, and the first thing I thought of when waking this morning, was woodcock.”

“Well, Pinney,” said Bill, “as you have had them in your mind, you will, before night, have lots of them in your pockets, or I am no prophet.”

They were now getting well out on the prairie, when Pinney asked, “Where shall it be today?”

“Go to the river,” said Purdee, “and we will hunt along down to where we finished hunting yesterday; to follow the bend in the river will give us lots of ground to hunt over; and when we get through, we can walk across the prairie to the team, which will be less than a mile.”

They soon drew up at the place mentioned, and were not long in getting to business, and it was business. Purdee was at his best, and Pinney was a mighty close second, he having learned in his sleep how the “trick” was done. And from start to finish it was a grand hunt, the like of which I don’t believe that two hunters ever had before.

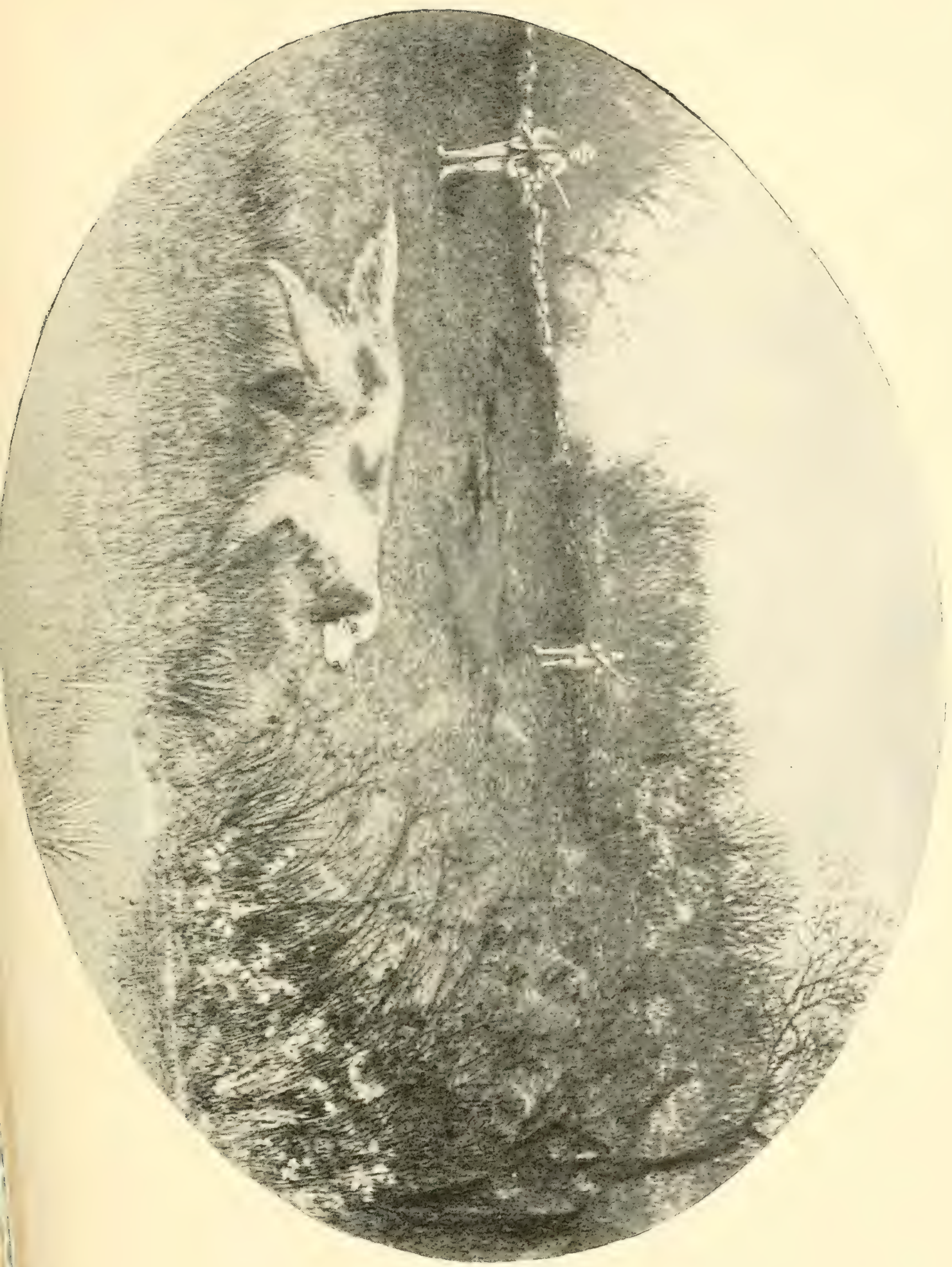
When it is considered by so many that these birds are the gamiest of all, one can but be pardoned for envying these two hunters of that day’s royal sport. The birds were killed over Sport, the young dog, and when counted numbered fifty-three woodcock, and what pleasure it must have been to Bill to so often see his young dog point the birds so true, stand so staunch, and retrieve the dead birds so gently that hardly a feather was ruffled when he took them from his mouth.

The old dog, having passed twelve years, was not able to stand a two days’ hunt, so he was left at home.

While eating their lunch, Pinney declared that it was the most infatuating hunt that he had ever had.



THEY KNEW THAT QUAIL WERE THERE "



They still had several hours of daylight, and were soon rattling along the road at a fearful gait, (that is, for Billy to make,) so the next place was soon reached, and a short hunt was had, and six snipe and two doves were bagged.

They were no sooner on the road again than a mallard drake was seen to settle into a slough hole, when Pinney stops the pony and on getting out says, "He's my meat." Purdee sets in the gig and watches the operation; with scarcely anything to screen him, Pinney had to do some mighty good sneaking. The duck was soon in the air, and soon a puff of smoke was seen, when down came the duck, and back came Pinney bringing it. As they drove along he said it was just an even chance, as it was an awful long shot.

Again they stop and get out to make their last hunt for this day, as it is now getting late, and will soon be dark. This place they had hunted before, and they knew that quail were there; and so did Sport, for he soon found them; and in a very short time seven were shot, which made sixty-nine birds in all; and with this string of game they drove back to town.

PURDEE HEARS FROM LEW.

It was a great relief to Purdee when he received word from home that Lew had arrived back. The delay in not hearing was caused by his being so sick on reaching New York that he remained there with friends for two weeks, and had no heart to write, and when starting for home was still a sick man.

On his arriving home he was in very bad condition, and remained so for a long time, his relatives believing all the while that he would soon pass away.

But when Spring came a very great change came over Lew and he had no sooner taken a few sun baths than it was noticed by all that he was feeling much better; and before May had passed his

kindred and numerous friends were confident that Lew's time had not come. And oh how pleased Bill was, and what pleasure it gave Lew to have him call, as he often did, and chat of days that they had spent together and live, as it were, their past lives over again.

CHAPTER X.

PURDEE DINES AT PINNEY'S HOUSE.

On getting back from a Saturday's hunt, and just as Purdee was about to enter the hotel, Pinney calls to him saying, "Why can't you take dinner with us tomorrow? My wife and all the children have often said they would like to have you come."

"All right, I'll do so," says Bill.

Purdee had often been at Pinney's house, but this day all were anxious for his arrival and when he did arrive he received a cordial welcome.

Without doubt there has often been served a more sumptuous meal; but nobody ever enjoyed eating one more than Purdee did this; and for why? Simply because it wasn't one of those spiced meals, that one has to be told what it is; for when he ate fried rabbit he knew it was rabbit; the same with the squirrel stew; and when the big roasted mallards were set on the table he recognized them, and the same with the little teal ducks that the woman had roasted so brown, and when being eaten they were by Purdee pronounced "extra fine."

When the dinner had been eaten he was most profuse in his praises, and as all sat back from the table for a chat, the children began by saying, "Ain't you going to give us 'Old Gar?' We wish you would, Mr. Purdee; he knows us all, and we want him so much."

"Well, I will see about that later," said Purdee. "I'll have plenty of time to think it over as I am not to leave for many weeks,

and your father and myself have a mortgage on lots of game which we shall have to foreclose before I can decide about the dog; and now I must go and see the dogs."

Some time was devoted to the dogs, for Purdee loved them as all good ones should be loved. So with the time spent with the dogs and chatting with the family the afternoon soon passed and Purdee returned to the hotel; but it was understood before leaving that in the morning they should take an early start.

CHAPTER XI.

"BILLY THE GOAT" HAS A FIT.

They leave the pony hitched in the woods a short distance from the river, and some eight miles from town. As they leave the team Pinney takes a grain sack out of the gig.

"What are you taking that for?" Purdee asks.

"We are going to get something to put in it," Pinney says.

"What's the matter with the game pockets in our coats?"

"Ain't big enough to hold what birds we are going to shoot today," at this Purdee laughs.

They were soon in positions at a bend in the river, where the ducks were passing, so for some time they had fine shooting with good results; and when the birds ceased to fly they had eighteen ducks to put into the sack that Pinney had taken when leaving the team, and it proved a thoughtful move on his part, as they were not to return to their team until late; and when eating their lunch Pinney remarked, "Them ducks in that sack would have been pretty heavy ones if we had them in our pockets while hunting woodcock and quail."

"You are right, Pinney, nothing ever grows lighter by carrying it; at least, the Irishman's pig didn't."

"How was that?" Pinney asked.

"You see," said Bill, "he had lugged it a long distance and when he reached the pen his wife came out, and as he put it in the pen he remarked, 'Now that he is in the pen, Bridget, if he will grow as fast as he has while being brought to it, we shall d——n soon have a hog.'"

At this Pinney roars with laughter, having never heard it before. "I'll tell it to my wife when I get home tonight."

They now start for woodcock, and as Sport is the only dog which they have with them on this day, they both hunt over one dog. At this place they find but few woodcock and only kill ten.

They now hunt a rice field and bag some snipe and in the brush they kill some quail and numerous other small game birds until the number which they laid out on the ground exceeded ninety for that day, and with this number they returned, to find Billy on his back and the gig upside down.

Putting the sack on the ground and their guns on the sack, they make a grand rush to get Billy off his back. How long he had been there they could not tell; he was quiet, and remained so until nearly unharnessed, when he commenced kicking, and such kicking one never saw before, that is for a goat.

When he was cleared from the gig, Pinney, who had him by the head, tried several times to get him on to his feet, and finally he succeeded; and in a moment he was off like the wind, rushing through the trees with Pinney hanging to his neck. The mad rush was not long, and Pinney soon comes leading him back, and when quieted down he was hitched up again and as they drive back to town they have much to talk about, how they found Billy in a fit lying on the ground.

CHAPTER XII.

PURDEE'S PARTNER CALLED OUT OF TOWN.

Pinney, at an early hour, sent word that he would be unable to go hunting, as he had to go away on business. So Purdee takes a day by himself. He does not make an early start, as he intends taking a short tramp out on the prairie.

Soon after leaving Pinney's house, where he goes to get his young dog, he is in the rice fields which surround the town, and a few snipe are soon found.

On leaving the rice fields, he starts out on the prairie where he shot the first chicken after arriving at Jennings. The dog is now told by a wave of his master's hand to range over the prairie, which he does in grand style, and after a bit he scents the birds; and what a grand sight it is to the true lover of the dog, when he sees him stop so sudden on "winding" game, settles a little forward, and then with cat like step and tail so straight, he moves ahead, though the game is far away. One can but wonder on nature's gifts.

When the dog stopped, Purdee stepped ahead and flushed the birds, which do not lay in January as they do in October. The first bird up was soon down; the other bird an instant later flushed several yards a head, proved most too long a shot for the open barrel; the first bird was killed with the choked bore. Purdee knew he had hit the bird, so he kept his eyes on him, and after a while he sees him fall, and that's not all he sees, for a big hawk has seen him, too, and away he sails for the chicken which he is successful in getting, and is soon on the wing with it. Bill had been on the run since the bird fell, and good time he made, for when the hawk rose from the ground with the chicken in his talons, Purdee fires and down comes the chicken and away sails Mr. Hawk.

When Purdee was asked if he thought he hit the hawk he re-

plied, "Why man ! it was like shooting at the moon ;" but later said, "It's barely possible that the shot might have reached him, as they were number six, well loaded, and from the choked barrel. The report of the gun possibly had something to do with his dropping it. He had years before done the same thing on a hawk which had picked up a woodcock that had dropped in an open field."

The chicken recovered, it was, "Now Sporty, my dandy, we have got to go and find the other one." Finding the other one was no easy job ; not a tree nor a bush to guide him as he stands some miles out on the almost boundless plain. "Which way did I come when I made that wild run?" is what he would like to know ; so he says to himself, "A circle, or a part of one I must make." He had some idea of the distance that he had run and the direction from which he had come.

So after going from the spot where the hawk had dropped the bird, to what he thought the proper distance, he then had his dog to work, first to the right and then to the left ; all the time working as near as he could judge in a circle ; and for a while he kept at it. But just as he was about to give it up and saying to himself, "Lost one and found one, the game is still even. What is that that Sporty has struck, scent?" And he is now standing so staunch, so firm, it would seem impossible to move him. He is far out of shooting distance, so Purdee hastily moves toward him, as he had already learned that the birds were not laying well to the dog ; but this one did, for it was dead. The lost had been found.

It was on this prairie that Purdee had stood in perfect wonderment, when for the first time he saw a streak of black smoke ; and out of this came a black speck, which in time turned into the smallest kind of a toy train of cars ; this he had watched as it grew in size, until a full sized train of cars passed by, some miles away, on the S. P. R. R. And now he is seeing the same sight again and

he thinks of the pleasure that he has had since that day and says to himself, "Did man ever have such shooting?" He had also found that in Sport, his young dog, less than two years old, he had a "dandy."

On this day he thinks of the dear ones so far away; wife and children he knew were well, and as he had left them so comfortably fixed, why need he worry? This trip was to be the event of his life, and a remarkable one, too.

These were the thoughts that were passing through his mind as he plods along over the rice field, when his attention was drawn to some men ploughing a long distance ahead and coming towards him on his right; the men seemed to be watching him. They now stop their team and stand gazing at something back of Purdee, so he turns around and finds that Sport is not at his heels; he looks in the direction which the ploughmen are looking and sees his dog nearly half a mile back, pointing, so he returns; and Purdee, to this day will swear that his dog not only wagged his tail when he got back to him, but smiled as well. When the bird jumped from the ground and was by Purdee knocked down, the men who were ploughing set up a shout and clapped their hands.

A few more shots and he starts for home, where at sunset he arrived and showed to the guests at the house a fine bunch of snipe, and as he was being praised by them he laid four prairie chickens beside the snipe.

That night while sitting in the office, smoking his old corncob pipe, Bill tells how the hawk didn't succeed.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE CLOSE OF THE HUNTING TRIP.

It was now getting well along into February, and most all kinds of game birds were still to be found, except the woodcock,

who had left for their summer home way up in the far north. The hunters were still having fine sport and their trips were most successful.

Pinney has decided to engage in the rice growing business, which is very extensively carried on in and about Jennings, and he will soon give up hunting, but before this was done many more fine strings of game were hauled back to town in the little gig that Billy turned upside down.

Purdee takes his last hunt alone, and the reason why this proved such was that before he returned from it he had seen two dead alligators that had been killed by some hunter, and had shot seven water moccasins (snakes), which his dog, Sport, had pointed.

He returned from this hunt, with a nice bunch of birds, consisting of snipe and quail; and in his letter sent home announcing the date of his leaving this was written, "Have had my last hunt; when I saw that the snakes had come out, I decided to get out."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE PINNEYS MADE HAPPY.

Purdee has decided to leave his old dog with the Pinneys, and when "Gar" was presented to them the children were just wild with joy. Their father had for a long time felt confident that this was what Purdee would do before he left.

The day for him to leave has arrived, or rather the night has arrived, for he is to take the midnight train. He has bid the family, one and all, goodbye; but Pinney says, "I will say my goodbye when you board the train."

He returns to the hotel with Purdee where midst the smoke of oft filled pipes the incidents of the past two months are lived over



GAR AND HIS YOUNG MISTRESS—PURDEE'S₂ YOUNGEST CHILD.

again; and when Purdee tells Pinney if he had received the day before what he did the first day that they met, when he went to the office with him, he would never have had him for a hunting companion, Pinney says:

“Well, Mr. Purdee, if ever a mortal was glad, I am, that your mail was belated; for I have never during my life had such sport. You see I never before hunted with dogs; and such good ones, and I don’t believe any one else ever did. And this puts me in mind of what was said at the barber shop the other night. They were speaking about Sport; they had learned that you were soon to leave town, and Jones, the barber, who is quite a sport, asked me if I thought he could be bought. Not for no small amount, I said, for I heard Mr. Purdee say to a man at the hotel who asked him how much money it would take to buy him, that a two cent postage stamp represented just as much money, as far as buying the dog was concerned, as what a two hundred dollar bill did.”

“Pinney, I felt bad when bidding old Gar goodby; but he does love children, and as yours have made so much of him, it would be as bad to take him away from them as it is for me to leave him.”

“Well, I am mighty pleased that you came to such decision.”

Time had flown fast, and when the clerk said, “It’s near train time, gentlemen,” both were surprised. They leave the house and are soon at the station, the train pulls in, Sport is in the baggage car, and two good fellows part.

CHAPTER XV.

ON THE TRAIN.

Purdee has much to think of, now that he is leaving the place where he has had such royal sport; and he often asks himself as “the midnight flyer” speeds on, “Where could I have gone to find

such hunting?" A mere wonder, one might say, after leaving Baltimore. By fate or by luck, whichever you like to term it, he landed in one of the finest hunting resorts known in the state.

With such pleasant thoughts on his mind he falls asleep dreaming of woodcock and later is awakened, not by its whistle but by the whistle of a locomotive.

On arriving in New Orleans, he at once with his dog proceeded to the Johns Hotel, where he and his old chum Lew Sears had stopped. They were all pleased to see him there. He had dinner, then went to the French market where he soon closes up his business with Paul St. Phillip.

On reviewing his accounts he finds that the shipments of game in number amounted to twenty-one hundred and thirty-nine (2139) birds, eleven rabbits and one squirrel. This number was sent in forty-one shipments, first shipment the twentieth of December and the last on the fourteenth of February. I give this accurate statement here, because it would be an easy matter for one to make a misleading statement in a matter of this kind if so disposed. Having reviewed these bills is sufficient evidence of its correctness.

On arriving in the city, Purdee thought first to go north by steamer. But later decided to see his son who lived in Chicago; and is soon on the train, bound for that city, over the Illinois Central Railroad. Before reaching there he had many pleasant thoughts; none more so than those of the benefit which he had been to Pinney and his family; for when Saturday night came he always received what was due him, whether returns came or not.

CHAPTER XVI.

PURDEE ARRIVES IN CHICAGO.

Purdee was met by his son and at once taken to his home. The son, not seeing "Old Gar," asks what had become of him, and

when he is told a sadness came over him, for well did this son remember the dog; for it was this same dog that he, when a boy, had with his father, first hunted over; and later when his father had come west to visit him, they together had with great success hunted prairie chickens.

Bill is now asked by his son what kind of a dog the young one was; and his father replies by saying, "To you, my boy, I will say the same as when I answered a noted dog trainer who asked me that same question; he hasn't the fault of any dog that I ever owned, but has the good qualities of them all."

For hours Purdee sits and relates to his son the different incidents that had happened to him while on this trip, which to him had been an eventful one, and the son was highly entertained. But when he made mention of Lew Sears and his getting sick, his son felt bad, for he knew him well.

And now the oft-filled pipe is empty again and is laid aside, the father saying, "I must now say good night, if I don't in a few moments it would be good morning, as midnight has arrived."

After spending some time with his son, Purdee leaves for home, and the last of March he and Sporty arrive.

When the dear ones had been embraced and he had been told that no one had been sick, he says, "Thanks be to the Lord."

The next day he goes to see Lew and is pleased to find him greatly improved, and during the spring he was enabled to resume his business.



BILL AT FIFTY-SIX — AND HIS DOG SPORT.

After a lifetime spent in hunting (often bagging large strings of birds), Bill has this, his first hunting picture taken, when returning from a day's hunt. It was near the end of the season; he had bagged three partridges, seven woodcock and one snipe, and made what he calls the quickest and best shot of his life. It was a double shot at a pair of partridges that flushed at the same time, and when killed were some fifteen feet apart. And he then saw what he had never seen or heard of: both birds dead in the air, before either had struck the ground.

Purdee Visits the Capitol City.

ON returning from a southern hunting trip in the year 1900 Bill stops over in Washington to see the sights. Although he had been in the city several times he had never visited Arlington, but he now decided to visit the place where lay the nation's dead.

On entering the broad avenue where naught but stillness reigns with thoughts of the valiant deeds performed by the heroes who here do lie, he saunters beneath the monument on the left, erected to the unknown dead, and with sad thoughts turns away, he thinks of the sorrow that the death of these unknown heroes has caused.

He stops again, and does not know why; but he is facing a monument on the left on which he reads these words, "Erected to the memory of Admiral J. S. S." And as he stands with eyes centered on this name, his wife, who is with him, says, "He was your friend."

"Friend!" Purdee says, "Yes; and all that that word implies. At all times a gentleman and a dear lover of nature. What pleasure it was to listen to his comments made on the changeable foliage as we drove over the country roads on a beautiful October morning."

With sadness Purdee and his wife leave the grave where, in death, lay one who had been his companion on many a hunt.

Down the avenue they passed, thinking of the dead that were not seen; and as they were about to turn, having reached the end of the avenue, they find themselves facing another monument, beneath which lies the dear old Admiral E. who loved so well to hunt with Purdee.

The scenes of their hunting days flash through Purdee's mind, and it's with sorrow that he turns away; and as he does so he makes mention to his wife of the last letter received from the Admiral, in which was an invitation to visit him at his estate in Virginia on which could be killed anything from a rabbit to a deer, and from quail to wild turkey.

These are the closing words of that last letter, "Come, Purdee, and spend a month, yes, the whole hunting season; you know you will be most welcome."



AT THE "TURKEY SHOOT."

TO satisfy the constant and growing demand for books containing short stories, and especially those relating to the early life of American lads who are now among our older citizens, the author of this work is about to publish

THE OLD FLINT PISTOL;

OR,

Incidents in the Early Life of the Boy Who Used It

FULLY ILLUSTRATED

THIS work will not only be found to be very interesting, but instructive as well; as it is a true story relating actual incidents in the life of a New England boy, and shows how courage, daring, determination and grit will succeed, when tempered with the proper amount of coolness, and always accompanied with manliness, promptness and honesty.

The book will be a valuable addition to any library; you will enjoy it as well as your children.

Here are a few of the good things to be found by a perusal of the pages of

“THE OLD FLINT PISTOL”

PART FIRST.—*Jim Hathaway's Boyhood Days.*

Jim was born near a ship-yard on the bank of the river in “The Old Pine Tree State.”

He was the youngest of a family of thirteen.

The getting of his first boat, also his first gun, are amusing incidents.

The title of the book is taken from “The Old Flint Pistol,” with which Jim established a world's record at an old time “Turkey Shoot.”

Jim handles game cocks, trains a monkey and also a pair of steers.

Jim's first sea shooting after obtaining permission to use a gun.

Jim as a sailor-lad in the old time packet ships, and the many incidents aboard of them, of which the public of today know but little about.

PART SECOND.—*Jim Hathaway as an Engineer.*

Jim was an engineer during the War of the Rebellion, and later on the Pacific.

PART THIRD.—*Jim Hathaway's Adventures on the Mississippi River.*

Jim and his pal build a boat.

They found the hunter's paradise.

Their experiences during a tornado.

Jim at a back woods party.

They meet a couple of old time trappers who did not get scalped.

Jim Hathaway and Bill Purdee are identical. — Publisher.



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FOR

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OR

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